

THE ATHENÆUM



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SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
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MR. PEPYS

MR. PEPYS was a Puritan. Froude once painted a portrait of Bunyan as an old Cavalier. He almost persuaded one that it was true till the later discovery of Bunyan's name on the muster-roll of one of Cromwell's regiments showed that he had been a Puritan from the beginning. If one calls Mr. Pepys a Puritan, however, one does not do so for the love of paradox or at a guess. He tells us himself that he "was a great Roundhead when I was a boy," and that, on the day on which King Charles was beheaded, he said: "Were I to preach on him, my text should be—the memory of the wicked shall rot." After the Restoration he was uneasy lest his old schoolfellow, Mr. Christmas, should remember these strong words. True, when it came to the turn of the Puritans to suffer, he went, with a fine impartiality, to see General Harrison disembowelled at Charing Cross. "Thus it was my chance," he comments, "to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Shepley to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters." Pepys was a spectator and a gourmet even more than he was a Puritan. He was a Puritan, indeed, only north-north-west. Even when at Cambridge he gave evidence of certain susceptibilities to the sins of the flesh. He was "admonished" on one occasion for "having been scandalously overserved with drink ye night before." He even began to write a romance entitled "Love a Cheate," which he tore up ten years later, though he "liked it very well." At the same time his writing never lost the tang of Puritan speech. "Blessed be God" are the first words of his shocking Diary. When he had to give up keeping the Diary nine and a half years later, owing to failing sight, he wound up, after expressing his intention of dictating in the future a more seemly journal to an amanuensis, with the characteristic sentences:

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Or, if there be anything, which cannot be much, now my amours to Deb. are past, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

With these words the great book ends—the diary of one of the godliest and most lecherous of men.

In some respects Mr. Pepys reminds one of a type that is now commoner in Scotland, I fancy, than elsewhere. He himself seems at one time to have taken the view that he was of Scottish descent. None of the authorities, however, will admit this, and there is apparently no doubt that he belonged to an old Cambridgeshire family that had come down in the world, his father having dwindled into a London tailor. In temperament, however, he seems to me to have been more Scottish than the very Scottish Boswell. He led a double life with the same simplicity of heart. He was Scottish in the way in which he lived with one eye on "the lassies" and the other on "the meenister." He was notoriously respectable, notoriously hard-working, a judge of sermons, fond of the bottle, cautious, thrifty. He had all the virtues of a K.C.B. He was no scapegrace or scallywag such as you might find

nowadays crowing over his sins in Chelsea. He lived, so far as the world was concerned, in the complete starch of rectitude. He was a pillar of society, and whatever age he had been born in, he would have accepted its orthodoxy. He was as grave a man as Holy Willie. Stevenson has commented on the gradual decline of his primness in the later years of the Diary. "His favourite ejaculation, 'Lord!' occurs," he declares, "but once that I have observed in 1660, never in '61, twice in '62, and at least five times in '63; after which the 'Lords' may be said to pullulate like herrings, with here and there a solitary 'damned,' as it were a whale among the shoal." As a matter of fact, Mr. Pepys's use of the expression "Lord!" has been greatly exaggerated, especially by the parodists. His primness, if that is the right

word, never altogether deserted him. We discover this even in the story of his relations with women. In 1665, for instance, he writes with surprised censoriousness of Mrs. Penington:

There we drank and laughed [he relates], and she willingly suffered me to put my hand in her bosom very wantonly, and keep it there long. Which methought was very strange, and I looked upon myself as a man mightily deceived in a lady, for I could not have thought she could have suffered it, by her former discourse with me; so modest she seemed and I know not what.

It is a sad world for idealists.

Mr. Pepys's Puritanism, however, was something less than Mr. Pepys. It was but a pair of creaking Sunday boots on the feet of a pagan. Mr. Pepys was an appreciator of life to a degree that not many Englishmen have been since Chaucer. He was a walking appetite. And not an entirely ignoble appetite either. He reminds one in some respects of the poet in Browning's "How it strikes a Contemporary," save that he had more worldly success. One fancies him with the same inquisitive ferule on the end of his stick, the same "scrutinizing hat," the same eye for the bookstall and "the man who slices lemon into drink." "If any cursed a woman, he took note." Browning's poet, however, apparently "took note" on behalf of a higher power. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Pepys sending his Diary to the address of the Recording Angel. Rather, the Diary is the soliloquy of an egoist, disinterested and daring as a bad boy's reverie over the fire.

Nearly all those who have written about Pepys are perplexed by the question whether Pepys wrote his Diary with a view to its ultimate publication. This seems to me to betray some ignorance of the working of the human mind.

Those who find one of the world's puzzles in the fact that Mr. Pepys wrapped his great book in the secrecy of a cipher, as though he meant no other eye ever to read it but his own, perplex their brains unnecessarily. Pepys was not the first human being to make his confession in an empty confessional. Criminals, lovers and other egoists, for lack of a priest, will make their confessions to a stone wall or a tree. There is no more mystery in it than in the singing of birds. The motive may be either to obtain discharge from the sense of guilt or a desire to save and store up the very echoes and last drops of pleasure. Human beings keep diaries for as many different reasons as they write lyric poems. With Pepys, I fancy, the main motive was a simple happiness in chewing the cud of pleasure. The fact that so much of his pleasure had to be kept secret from the world made it all the more necessary for him to babble when alone. True, in the early days his confidences are innocent enough. Pepys began to write in cipher some time before there was any purpose in it save the common prudence of a secretive man. Having built, however, this secret and solitary fastness, he gradually became more daring. He had discovered a room to the walls of which he dared speak aloud. Here we see the respectable man liberated. He no longer needs to be on his official behaviour, but may play the part of a small Nero, if he wishes, behind the safety of shorthand. And how he takes advantage of his opportunities! He

remains to the end something of a Puritan in his standards and his public carriage, but in his diary he reveals himself as a pig from the sty of Epicurus, naked and only half-ashamed. He never, it must be admitted, entirely shakes off his timidity. At a crisis he dare not confess in English even in a cipher, but puts the worst in bad French with a blush. In some instances the French may be for facetiousness rather than concealment, as in the reference to the ladies of Rochester Castle in 1665:

Thence to Rochester, walked to the Crowne, and while dinner was getting ready, I did then walk to visit the old Castle ruines, which hath been a noble place, and there going up I did upon the stairs overtake three pretty mayds or women and took them up with me, and I did *baiser sur mouches et toucher leur mains* and necks to my great pleasure; but lord! to see what a dreadfull thing it is to look down the precipices, for it did fright me mightily, and hinder me of much pleasure which I would have made to myself in the company of these three, if it had not been for that.

Even here, however, Mr. Pepys's French has a suggestion of evasion. He always had a faint hope that his conscience would not understand French.

Some people have written as though Mr. Pepys, in confessing himself in his Diary, had confessed us all. They profess to see in the Diary simply the image of Everyman in his bare skin. They think of Pepys as an ordinary man who wrote an extraordinary book. To me it seems that Pepys's Diary is not more extraordinary as a book than Pepys himself is as a man. Taken separately, nine out of ten of his characteristics may seem ordinary enough—his fears, his greeds, his vices, his utilitarian repentances. They were compounded in him, however, in such proportion as to produce an entirely new mixture—a character hardly less original than Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb. He had not any great originality of virtue, as these others had, but he was immensely original in his responsiveness—his capacity for being interested, tempted and pleased. The voluptuous nature of the man may be seen in such a passage as that in which, speaking of "the wind-musique when the angel comes down" in "The Virgin Martyr," he declares:

It ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife.

Writing of Mrs. Knipp on another occasion, he says:

She and I singing, and God forgive me! I do still see that my nature is not to be quite conquered, but will esteem pleasure above all things, though yet in the middle of it, it has reluctances after my business, which is neglected by my following my pleasure. However, musique and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is.

Within a few weeks of this we find him writing again:

So abroad to my ruler's of my books, having, God forgive me! a mind to see Nan there, which I did, and so back again, and then out again to see Mrs. Bettons, who were looking out of the window as I came through Fenchurch Streete. So that, indeed, I am not, as I ought to be, able to command myself in the pleasures of my eye.

Though page after page of the Diary reveals Mr. Pepys as an extravagant pleasure-lover, however, he differed from the majority of pleasure-lovers in literature in not being a man of taste. He had a rolling rather than a fastidious eye. He kissed promiscuously, and was not aspiring in his lusts. He

once held Lady Castlemaine in his arms, indeed, but it was in a dream. He reflected, he tells us, that since it was a dream, and that I took so much real pleasure in it, what a happy thing it would be if when we are in our graves (as Shakespeare resembles it) we could dream, and dream but such dreams as this, that then we should not need to be so fearful of death, as we are this plague time.

He praises this dream at the same time as "the best that ever was dreamt." Mr. Pepys's idea of Paradise, it will be seen, was that commonly attributed to the Mohammedans. Meanwhile he did his best to turn London into an anticipatory harem. We get a pleasant picture of a little Roundhead Sultan in such a sentence as: "At night had Mercer comb my head and so to supper, sing a psalm and to bed."

It may seem unfair to over-emphasize the voluptuary in Mr. Pepys, but it is Mr. Pepys, the promiscuous amourist, stringing his lute (God forgive him!) on a Sunday, that is the outstanding figure in the Diary. Mr. Pepys attracts us, however, in a host of other aspects—Mr. Pepys whose nose his jealous wife attacked with the red-hot tongs as he lay in bed; Mr. Pepys who always held an anniversary feast on the date on which he had been cut for the stone; Mr. Pepys who was not "troubled at it at all" as soon as he saw that the lady who had spat on him in the theatre was a pretty one; Mr. Pepys drinking; Mr. Pepys among his dishes; Mr. Pepys among princes; Mr. Pepys who was "mightily pleased" as he listened to "my aunt Jenny, a poor, religious, well-meaning good soul, talking of nothing but God Almighty"; Mr. Pepys, as he counts up his blessings in wealth, women, honour and life, and decides that "all these things are ordered by God Almighty to make me contented"; Mr. Pepys as, having just refused to see Lady Pickering, he comments, "But how natural it is for us to slight people out of power!"; Mr. Pepys who groans as he sees his office clerks sitting in more expensive seats than himself at the theatre. Mr. Pepys is a man so many-sided, indeed, that in order to illustrate his character one would have to quote the greater part of his Diary. He is a mass of contrasts and contradictions. He lives without sequence except in the business of getting-on (in which he might well have been taken as a model by Samuel Smiles). One thinks of him sometimes as a sort of Deacon Brodie, sometimes as the most innocent sinner who ever lived. For, though he was brutal and snobbish and self-seeking and simian, he had a pious and a merry and a grateful heart. He felt that God had created the world for the pleasure of Samuel Pepys, and had no doubt that it was good.

ROBERT LYND.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WAR MEMORIALS COMMITTEE is making arrangements for the second section of the War Memorials Exhibition to be held at Burlington House in the autumn. The exhibition is to consist of works or designs of works in any class of art or craft selected by the committee as suitable examples for the guidance of those desirous to erect memorials. Works should be ornamental, but not useful, as utilitarian schemes do not come within the scope of the exhibition. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W.1, and works must be sent in on Monday, Sept. 22, or Tuesday, Sept. 23, between 8. am. and 8 p.m.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

PART I.

AMONG men of letters, as among other men, there are some who are letter-writers and some who are not letter-writers, according to their temperament. Hazlitt was not a letter-writer; and it is an open question whether an addition to his known correspondence is less or more interesting on that account. What it lacks in charm it may make up in rarity. A new letter of Lamb's, while it can hardly fail to be delightful, need by no means necessarily add anything to our knowledge of Lamb, whose life is, on the whole, so well documented; but every new letter of Hazlitt's, who never in his life—after a certain age—put pen to paper except in the way of business, is almost certain to add to our information. That they do this is perhaps the only claim that can be made for two small groups of letters which I am able to add to the total bulk of his correspondence (by no means large) collected in the course of a lifetime by the late Mr. W. C. Hazlitt.

The first of these groups belongs to the year 1816, when Hazlitt was in his thirty-eighth year, had been engaged for rather more than three years (after his earlier phase as metaphysician and painter) in journalism in London, and had already made his mark as a contributor to a section of the weekly critical press. The first result of this mark was, in the autumn of 1814, an invitation from Jeffrey to write for the *Edinburgh Review*; and the second result, in the following year, that his co-operation was sought in the supplementary volumes to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" which Constable, who had recently acquired that property, was planning in order to bring its fourth edition up to date. The project was for four volumes, to be brought out in eight half-volumes or parts, and the editor was Macvey Napier, afterwards Jeffrey's successor in the editorship of the *Edinburgh*, to whom these letters are addressed. Hazlitt had recently arranged with Constable for a collection of his essays from the *Examiner* under the title of the "Round Table." His article the "Fine Arts," the principal subject under discussion in the following letters, became an integral part of the "Encyclopædia," and remained so until, with the inevitable development of that work, its manner of treatment became outmoded.

With so much by way of introduction, we may proceed to the letters.

I.

Jany. 10th, 1816.

SIR,—I received your obliging letter about a fortnight ago, and have to apologize for not answering it sooner. I mentioned to Mr. Constable that I would do such an article as you require by the middle of February, if I could possibly. I am now pretty sure of being able to do it by that time. I shall endeavour to supply what is wanting on the subject of the Fine Arts in the original article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I suppose it will not be necessary to repeat the same things over again. I remain, Sir, your very obliged obedient servant,

Macvey Napier, Esq.,
Edinburgh

W. HAZLITT.

II.

19, York Street, Westminster,

19 Feb., 1816.

SIR,—I received your obliging letter this day, and am glad of the additional time you give me. I hope to be ready then without fail. The Report you speak of to the French Institute must be very curious, and I should be happy to see it, if you will send it me up. I propose to make the article turn on the styles of the different great works of art, on the causes that have produced them, and on the prospect of their

revival at the present period. If you see any fault in this idea, you would oblige me by suggesting any alteration. I am, Sir, very truly your obliged humble servt.

W. HAZLITT.

III.

[No date. Endorsed by recipient
March 20, 1816.]

DEAR SIR,—I enclose the remainder of the article, and am anxious to know your opinion of it. It contains the best part of what I know about art. As to political inuendos, and one or two other things relating to proposed articles,* you can omit or retain them at your pleasure. I could make I think an original article on the subject of the *Ideal*, but the engraving and architecture had better I conceive be done by somebody else. The account of Wilson might be shortened by adding immediately after "his Italian landscapes are the best"—in first page of the account of him—the concluding passage, "Besides aerial perspective, he had a great truth, &c. of local colouring," or to that purpose. The whole is about 30 columns. I suppose I could not have a proof in case you put what I have written to press.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. HAZLITT.

P.S.—Please, Sir, to dele after "Parthenon," the words, "and the temple of Theseus," in the first MS.

IV.

34, Southampton Buildings, Holborn,
April 2. [1816.]

DEAR SIR,—I was exceedingly gratified by the receipt of your very flattering letter of last week. I dare say that your objections to several of the observations are well-founded. I confess I am apt to be paradoxical in stating an extreme opinion when I think the prevailing one not quite correct. I believe however this way of writing answers with most readers better than the logical. I tried for some years to express the truth and nothing but the truth, till I found it would not do. The opinions themselves I believe to be true, but like all abstract principles, they require deductions, which it is often best to leave the public to find out. If you could let me have a proof, I would return it by the next day's mail: otherwise I should be obliged by your letting me have a copy at your convenience. The immediate purport of my writing was the following which your candour will excuse. I understood you to state in a former letter as the bookseller's arrangement that the money for any article would be paid when the article was printed. I suppose you will have nearly got through this so as to know the general size of it by this time. I have, Sir, a bill to take up to-morrow week April 10, and if you could possibly transmit me fifteen pounds by that time, it would be a great assistance to me. The stagnation of money matters in this town is such that it is impossible to procure,

* "The subject of the *Ideal* will be resumed, and more particularly enlarged upon, under that head." This was not done; nor did articles under the heads suggested in the next letter appear.

either by loan or anticipation, a single sixpence. I find this circumstance press particularly hard upon me at a time when I am clearing off the arrears into which my affairs had fallen owing to the aforesaid *logical way of writing*. With every apology for this intrusion, I am, Dear Sir, with respect, your obliged humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

P.S.—I received the proofs of the "Round Table" from Mr. Constable, and shall return them to-morrow or next day. I was thinking just now that the words *Colouring, Drawing, Ideal and Picturesque* would make proper articles under the head of the Fine Arts, the metaphysics of which is in a very confused state at this day.

V.

[No date. Endorsed by recipient
July 17, 1816.]

DEAR SIR,—I write to ask you for directions about any article you might wish me to write for the next volume of the Encyclopedia. The last I find is very well spoken of by the artists here. I forgot in the hurry of my last to mention the receipt of the 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ you were so obliging as to advance me upon it. I believe the whole would amount to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the rate I understood you to mention per column. Might I so far intrude upon your patience again as to solicit a remittance from you of whatever you deem the balance. I believe I mentioned before that I thought the subject of Beauty would make a good subject for an article.* If you think proper, I would set about it immediately. I am, Dear Sir, very respectfully your most obliged humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

P.S.—If you see Mr. Jeffrey, would you be so good as to mention to him that I received his letter. I would have acknowledged the receipt of it immediately but I have been waiting for another from him.

VI.

22nd July, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—The post is at the door and I have only time to return you my thanks for yours which I received this morning, with a note enclosed, and to say that I will get the articles you mentioned ready by the time. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant.

19 York St. West†

WM. HAZLITT.†

VII.

[Dated at end March 13, 1817.]

DEAR SIR,—I conceive that nobody has been to blame in this business but myself. In fact, I have been very ill all the winter, and have had more to do than I could have got through properly, if I had been well.‡ I will send you Burger§ in the course

* The article under this head was written by Jeffrey.

† This letter is in another hand, probably that of Hazlitt's wife.

‡ He had written, in addition to much journalism, his "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."

§ The last, presumably, of the articles ordered in July. Those contributed by Hazlitt to the second volume of the Supplement were, according to the index, James Barry, J. B. Basedow, John Beckmann, Xavier Bettinelli, G. B. Bilfinger, and Gottfried August Bürger.

of next week, and shall be happy at any time to do what I can for the Supplement. But I would have you to understand at first that I am a very unscientific person, and am therefore always liable to blunder on such matters. All that I know anything about (except things of amusement) is metaphysics, and I know more of my own metaphysics than anybody else's. I should think that the article Buon[arot]te* might be made something of, a little different from the Biography. I am, dear Sir, very respectfully, your obliged humble servant

W. HAZLITT.

This ends the group. The next letter, of August 26, 1818, was printed in the "Selected Correspondence" of Professor Napier by his son. The Supplement had by that date reached the letter D, and Hazlitt's refusal to write the article Drama (eventually written by Sir Walter Scott), on the ground, "To get up an article in a Review on any subject of general literature is quite as much as I can do without exposing myself," is well known. It is with regard to that letter that Mr. Birrell remarks, "A life freer from greed of gain, or taint of literary vanity, is not to be found in the records of English literature." It is a contention which is supported by the letters here printed; and by the further group of letters in which we shall find Hazlitt, after a lapse of twelve years, addressing the same correspondent.

P. P. HOWE.

(To be concluded.)

THE TRAIN JOURNEY

For what cause? To what end?

Into what nameless disaster speeding

Through a twilit cavern of space unheeding,

Through vapours of tears, with a numb heart bleeding,

Torn from what friend?

Cause there is none, nor friend;

Nor was that joy from which I parted,

But only what is no longer, yet departed

Its voice rings golden to me broken-hearted,

Saying, There is no end.

HENRY KING.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

MELEAGER

TO ZENOPHILE.

See how the cup exults, and boasts of the caress

Of her so tuneful mouth. Ah! happy bowl.

Would that e'en now her lips to my lips she would press,

And at a draught drink down my very soul.

NOSSIS

Nothing is more sweet than Love, all other joys are second;

Ev'n honey in my mouth is bitter reckoned.

This Nossis says, that whoso Aphrodite doth not bless,

What roses all her flowers are he cannot know nor guess.

MELEAGER

Did I not cry and warn thee, Soul, "By Cypris, thou'lt be caught

If thou so oft, O dupe of love, wilt fly so near the snare"?

Did I not cry? And now thou'rt lamed. Thy struggles help thee naught.

'Tis Love himself has bound thy wings, and set thee gasping there

On his hot fire, and sprinkled thee with perfumes when thy heart did sink

Swooning, and in thy thirst he gave thee scalding tears to drink!

P. H. C. ALLEN.

* The name is smudged, but it is not, I feel quite sure, Buonaparte. No doubt, Michael Angelo. This article would hardly fall within the scope of the Supplement.

REVIEWS

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. With an English Translation by G. W. Butterworth. "The Loeb Classical Library." (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the assertions that were made at one time and another in the uplands of Palestine descended from their home, and, taking the ancient caravan route, crossed the River of Egypt and approached Alexandria, they entered into a new spiritual atmosphere where they were obliged to transform themselves or to perish. The atmosphere was not hostile to the assertions, indeed it welcomed them, but it insisted that, however unphilosophic they might be, they should wear the philosophic dress, that they should take some account of the assertions that had arrived previously, should recognize the existence of libraries and museums, should approach with circumspection the souls of the rich. Under these conditions they might remain. And exactly the same thing happened on two distinct occasions. We are here concerned with the second of the occasions, but it is convenient to glance at the first; it was soon after Alexandria had been founded, and Jews were flocking to her markets. An unexpected problem confronted them. Jehovah had said "I Am that I Am," and so long as they remained in Palestine this seemed enough. But now they had to face disquieting comments, such as "This statement predicates existence merely" or "This statement, while professing merely to predicate existence, assumes the attribute of speech," and they grew aware of the inaccessibility and illogicality of their national god. The result was a series of attempts on their part to explain and recommend Jehovah to the Greeks—culminating in the great system of Philo, who, by the doctrine of the Mediating Logos, ensured that the deity should be at the same time accessible and inaccessible: "The Logos," he writes, "dwells on the margin between the created and the Increate, and delights to serve them both." And there, for a little, the matter rested.

But in Philo's own lifetime a second assertion had been made among the Judaean hills. We do not know its original form—too many minds have worked over it since—but we know that it was unphilosophic and anti-social. For it was addressed to the uneducated and it promised them a kingdom. Following the usual route, it reached Alexandria, where the same fate overtook it: it had to face comments, and in so doing was transformed. It too evolved a system which, though not logical, paid the lip service to logic that a great city demands, and interspersed bridges of argument among the flights of faith. All Greek thinkers, except Socrates, had done the same, so that, on its intellectual side, the new religion did not break with the past; it consisted of an assertion in a philosophic dress, and Clement of Alexandria, its first theologian, used methods that were familiar to Philo two hundred years before. Not only did he bring allegory to bear upon the more intractable passages of Scripture, but he adapted the Philonian Logos and identified it with the Founder of the new religion, Christ. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God." Philo might have written this. St. John had added to it two statements distinctly Christian, namely, "The Word was God" and "The Word was made flesh." And now Clement, taking over the completed conception, raised upon it a storied fabric such as the Alexandrians loved, and ensured that the deity should be at the same time accessible and inaccessible, merciful and just, human and divine. The fabric would have bewildered the fishermen of Galilee, and it had in it a flaw which became

evident in the fourth century, and produced the Arian schism. But it impressed the passing age; Clement, working in and through Alexandria, did more than even St. Paul to recommend Christianity to the Gentiles.

He was probably born in Greece about 150 A.D. and initiated into Mysteries there. Then he was converted and became head of the theological college in Alexandria, where he remained until his exile in 202. But little is known of his life and nothing of his character, though one may assume it was conciliatory: Christianity was not yet official, and thus in no position to fulminate. Of the three treatises in Mr. Butterworth's selection the "Exhortation to the Greeks" acknowledges several merits in pagan thought, while "The Rich Man's Salvation" handles with delicacy a problem on which business men are naturally sensitive, and arrives at the comforting conclusion that Christ did not mean what He said. One recognizes the wary resident. And when he attacks Paganism he seldom denounces; he mocks, knowing this to be the better way. For the age was literal. It had lost resilience and spring, and if one pointed out to it that Zeus had behaved absurdly in Homer it could summon no rush of instinct or of poetry with which to defend his worship. Demeter too! And shrines to the sneezing Apollo and to the gouty and to the coughing Artemis! Ha! Ha! Fancy believing in a goddess with the gout. Clement makes great play with such nonsense. For a new religion has, as far as persiflage is concerned, an advantage over an old one: it has not had time itself to evolve a mythology, and his adversaries could not retort with references to St. Simeon Stylites, or to the plague spot of St. Roch, or to St. Fina who allowed a devil to throw her mother down the stairs. They could only hang their heads and assent, and when Clement derided the priests in the idol-temples for their dirt, they could not foresee that in the following century dirt would be recommended as holy by the Church. They were caught by his genial air and by his "logic"; there is nothing morose about the treatises, and even to-day they are readable, though not quite in the way that the author intended.

A solemn assembly of Greeks, held in honour of a dead serpent, was gathering at Pytho, and Eunomus sang a funeral ode for the reptile. Whether his song was a hymn in praise of the snake or a lamentation over it, I cannot say; but there was a competition and Eunomus was playing the lyre in the heat of the day, at the time when the grasshoppers, warmed by the sun, were singing under the leaves along the hills. They were singing, you see, not to the dead serpent of Pytho, but to the all-wise God, a spontaneous song, better than the measured strains of Eunomus. A string breaks in the Locrian's hands; the grasshopper settles upon the neck of the lyre and begins to twitter there as if upon a branch: whereupon the minstrel, by adapting his music to the grasshopper's lay, supplied the place of the missing string. So it was not Eunomus that drew the grasshopper by his song, as the legend would have it, when it set up the bronze figure at Pytho, showing Eunomus with his lyre and his ally in the contest. No, the grasshopper flew of its own accord, and sang of its own accord, although the Greeks thought it to have been responsive to music.

How in the world is it that you have given credence to worthless legends, imagining . . .

and blasts of theology ensue. But how grateful one is to Clement for mentioning the grasshopper, and how probable it seems, from the way he tells the story, that he had a faint consciousness of its beauty—just as his risqué passages emanate a furtive consciousness of their riskiness. His learning is immense: he is said to allude to 300 Greek writers of whom we should not otherwise have heard—and one gladly follows him through the back yards of the Classical world. The results of his ramble are most fully stated in two other of his treatises, the "Miscellanies" and the "Tutor." His verdict is that though the poetry of Hellas is false

and its cults absurd or vile, yet its philosophers and grasshoppers possessed a certain measure of divine truth; some of the speculations of Plato, for instance, had been inspired by the Psalms. It is not much of a verdict in the light of modern research; Mr. Butterworth surely goes too far in suggesting that Clement is of interest in our problems of to-day; we too have to pour old wine into new bottles, but we must have hands that are more sensitive and more steady than his, or, like him, we shall fail. Still, it is a moderate verdict for a Father; he spares his thunders, he does not exalt asceticism, he is never anti-social.

Till the ground if you are a husbandman; but recognize God in your husbandry. Sail the sea, you who love sea-faring; but ever call upon the heavenly pilot. Were you a soldier on campaign when the knowledge of God laid hold of you? Then listen to the commander who signals righteousness.

Here he shows his respect for the existing fabric and his hope that it may pass without catastrophe from Pagan to Christian, a hope that could have found expression only at Alexandria, where contending assertions have so often been harmonized, and whose own god, Serapis, had expressed the union of Egypt and Greece.

Looking back—it is so easy to look back!—one can see that the hope was vain. Christianity, though she contained little that was fresh doctrinally, yet descended with a double-edged sword that hacked the ancient world to pieces. For she had declared war against two great forces—Sex and the State—and during her complicated contest with them the old order was bound to disappear. The contest had not really begun in Clement's day. Sex disquieted him, but he did not revolt against it like his successor Origen. The State exiled him, but it had not yet put forth, as it did under Diocletian, its full claims to divinity. He lived in a period of transition, and in Alexandria. And in that curious city, which had never been young and hoped never to grow old, conciliation must have seemed more possible than elsewhere, and the graciousness of Greece not quite incompatible with the Grace of God.

E. M. F.

A BARBLESS ARROW

THE STARTING PLACE OF TRUTH. By A. H. Finn. (Marshall Brothers. 2s. 6d. net.)—The Greek translation of the Old Testament, made about the middle of the third century B.C., has its own defects and difficulties; but it witnesses to an early type of the original Hebrew text, and careful critics have been often able, by means of its evidence, to check the data of the so-called Massoretic Hebrew or official Jewish text, which is not earlier than the ninth century A.D. Especially in the historical books of Samuel and Kings, and in the Prophets, the Greek version is invaluable. Its importance has been overrated by some editors. But this is not a more serious error than to depreciate it, as several writers still do, in the interests of the old theory of verbal inspiration, which relies upon the supreme authority of the Massoretic text. This is what is done by Mr. A. H. Finn. He concentrates attention upon the Pentateuch, cleverly selects one or two cases where the Greek version is inferior, and concludes that

The Hebrew text now received, commonly called the Massoretic text, has preserved in all essentials, and to a very great extent even in minute detail, the original text of those Five Books which are the necessary foundation for all the subsequent books of the Old Testament, and therefore of the New Testament as well. We have here a secure Starting Place for ascertaining the Truth as displayed to us in God's revelation of Himself and of His Will in His Holy Word.

Mr. Finn has already published a large book attacking the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. The Higher Criticism is like Joseph, "a fruitful bough: the archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him"—mainly with barbless arrows like this, which no amount of scholarship will ever drive home.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S CHINA

CHINA OF THE CHINESE. By E. T. C. Werner, H.B.M. Consul, Foochow (retired). (Pitman, 9s. net.)

A LOVER of Chinese art and literature, if he has never been in China, cannot help forming some mental image of the country and the people from which these things have come, but it is hardly likely that he will form a correct image. A continental scholar who formed his ideas of England from "Beowulf," Chaucer and Shakespeare would not feel at home if he were suddenly planted in Trafalgar Square. Yet even "Beowulf" is modern in comparison with quite half of the Chinese literature available in translation. And although the reflection is so elementary that it seems absurd to mention it, one must remember that in all ages and among all races the poet and the artist are exceptional men, honoured or execrated according to circumstances, but never understood and never typical. All the individuals mentioned in history are in some way abnormal, since otherwise they would be obscure. Consequently every period has been believed that men were more remarkable in the past than in the present; and the same illusion applies to a distant country of which we only have the sort of knowledge that will become history.

China is the one country in the world that has an unbroken tradition of civilization from very ancient times. Its reliable history begins, according to Mr. Werner, about the year 2357 B.C. The "Shû King," the official history of early China, was for the most part composed at the time of the events which it describes, and is regarded as being true and reliable to the same extent as the official histories of more modern States. It is available for English readers, along with other Confucian texts, in "The Sacred Books of the East" (Vol. III.). Confucius, one feels, is in China what Aristotle was in Europe until the Renaissance: the great conquering influence for conservatism, traditionalism, and authority. His work consisted mainly in editing older sacred texts. When doubts began to arise as to the desirability of the blood feud, Confucius declared with all possible emphasis in its favour. His whole system of morals centres in family piety; like all primitive codes, it urges acts, observances, ceremonies, with a nearly complete indifference to the moods and dispositions from which they spring. The early Taoists represent the very antithesis to this: they believe in unfettered nature, in free growth; in government they are anarchists, in morals antinomians. Confucius sometimes expresses sentiments which recall those of the Gospels, though the effect of these is prevented by the respect for laws and rules. But the Taoists will not allow even such a general rule of life as "love thy neighbour"; they will not tolerate any interference with what is natural. Chuang Tzu, the Taoist St. Paul, reports an imaginary conversation between his master Lao Tzu and Confucius: *

"Tell me," said Lao Tzu, "in what consist charity and duty to one's neighbour?"

"They consist," answered Confucius, "in a capacity for rejoicing in all things; in universal love, without the element of self. These are the characteristics of charity and duty to one's neighbour."

"What stuff!" cried Lao Tzu. "Does not universal love contradict itself? Is not your elimination of self a positive manifestation of self? Sir, if you would cause the empire not to lose its source of nourishment—there is the universe, its regularity is unceasing; there are the sun and moon, their brightness is unceasing; there are the stars, their groupings never change; there are birds and beasts, they flock together without varying; there are trees and shrubs, they grow upwards without exception. Be like these; follow Tao; and you will be perfect. Why then these vain struggles after charity and duty to one's neighbour, as though beating a drum in search of a fugitive? Alas! sir, you have brought much confusion into the mind of man."

But Confucianism prevailed among the educated, and

Taoism sank to the level of vulgar magic. China became and remained until 1912, a country regulated by tradition to an extent unknown in the West even in the strictest period of the Middle Ages. In poetry no rhymes must occur except 106 which were standardized in the eighth century; in life, etiquette regulates every moment. Mr. Werner quotes instructions for behaviour at a dinner party, of which the following are a sample:

If a guest add condiments, the host will apologize for not having had the soup prepared better. If he swill down the sauces [which should be too strong to be swallowed largely and hurriedly], the host will apologize for his poverty . . . When they have done eating the guests will kneel in front (of the mat) . . . and (begin to) remove the (dishes of) rice and sauces to give them to the attendants. The host will then rise and decline this service from the guests; who will resume their seats.

And so on, through a bewildering variety of details Concise instructions as to how to make a present of a bow occupy 140 words. The "Li Chi," one of the sacred texts of Confucianism, from which the above passage is quoted, consists entirely of rules of etiquette and behaviour on various occasions.

Mr. Werner's book is an admirable account of the national and social life of China, not of its notable personalities, but of its institutions, customs, growth and decay. We feel as if we were being told the truth, and the resulting impression is complex and contradictory, as truth always is, not simple and proceeding from a central idea, as do the impressions of a masterful personality. The following sentence is typical:

Emotionally the Chinese are mild, frugal, sober, gregarious industrious, of remarkable endurance, but at the same time cowardly revengeful, very cruel, unsympathetic, mendacious, thievish and libidinous.

Some of the effects of the Confucian doctrine of love of our neighbour are remarkable. Humane feeling led to the maxim that a criminal cannot be punished unless he confesses; consequently he is tortured so long as he refuses to confess.

During the judicial trials following the Nanch'ang massacre in 1905, which I was sent officially to investigate, some of the murderers were hung up by their thumbs and appeared at the trial with blisters on them the size of a hen's egg, and others were made to kneel on chains in court. In spite of my protests, the Chinese judge maintained that in default of torture there would be no confession, and without confession no criminal could be punished.

It would seem that, on the whole, the most cruel emperors were those who cared most for art and literature. For example, the Emperor Chia Ch'ing, who was "rather a poet than a competent administrator," and "wasted much valuable time in searching after the elixir of life," adopted the punishment of wrapping a man in cotton soaked in oil, hanging him up by the heels, and setting him on fire from the top. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the Ch'in dynasty, a vigorous practical race who punished with death all discussion of books or poetry.

According to the "Book of Rites," there were five hundred offences punishable with death. Some of them are curious:

Using licentious music; strange garments; wonderful contrivances and extraordinary implements, thus raising doubts among the multitudes: all who used or formed such things were put to death. Those who were persistent in hypocritical conduct and disputations in hypocritical speeches; who studied what was wrong, and went on to do so more and more, and whoever increasingly followed what was wrong so as to bewilder the multitudes: these were put to death.

This horror of novelty seems to have dominated the national life effectively for the past two thousand years. It has produced political decay and incapacity for defence against the Great Powers; it has made government cruel, inefficient, and corrupt; it has filled life with wholly useless pains, such as the binding of women's feet; it has

* "Musings of a Chinese Mystic" (Murray, 1911), p. 75.

prevented all knowledge of matters not contained within the Chinese classics. It is clear that if one were a patriotic Chinaman, educated in America (as many of the younger civil servants are), anxious to preserve political independence, one would necessarily be hostile to the whole of the ancient tradition; one would support the Republic, Parliamentary government, and European dress; one would advocate red-brick houses and furniture from Birmingham; one would write scientific doctors' theses in English rather than poems in Chinese. Modern China is throwing over tradition, and in so doing is doubtless pursuing the path of happiness for the people. But it is at the same time, and unavoidably, throwing over a heritage of exquisite beauty. Chinese poetry, even in translation—for example, in Mr. Waley's "170 Chinese Poems"—has a quality different from that of European poetry, in certain ways superior: more subtle and elusive, more detached and universal, more skilled in eliciting the symbolic quality of common things. This from Mr. Waley's book may serve as an example:

Swiftly the years, beyond recall.
Solemn the stillness of this fair morning.
I will clothe myself in spring-clothing
And visit the slopes of the Eastern Hill.
By the mountain-stream a mist hovers,
Hovers a moment, then scatters.
There comes a wind blowing from the south
That brushes the fields of new corn.

There is to be no more of this sort of thing. For thousands of years, the knowledge of literature and capacity for writing poetry have been the road to power in China. Those who succeeded by this means did not govern wisely or well, and foreign pressure has made wise government necessary. The beauty that we have lately learned to love is to be swept away through the influence of Western commercialism: ultimately because those who influence the policy of the Great Powers prefer good dinners to good poems. And what is happening in China is only a more notable example of what has been happening throughout the civilized world since the industrial revolution. Beauty is fragile and weak; in a combative world it must always be worsted. It may be that some remedy could be discovered, but it must first be desired. And where, in the countries called civilized, is any effective desire for beauty to be found?

B. R.

PRINTING FOR BUSINESS. By Joseph Thorp. (Hogg. 7s. 6d. net.)—In these days, when there are few printers who are able to steer their craft successfully between the rocks of ugliness and the shoals of affectation, it is a pleasure to read such a book as Mr. Thorp's. It is neither a text-book nor an essay on the artistic side of printing, but a plain book, very well written, for those who have anything to do with the craft; but more especially for the persons who imagine that good printing can be rushed through by anyone who is capable of putting type in a machine, switching on the current, and standing by to watch the completed work delivered in convenient bundles for packing. For it is this callousness on the part of the buyer of printed matter that has had such a bad effect on British printing. If there be any who doubt this, let them compare any English magazine of the trade with one of the American journals—that fine defunct magazine, the *Imprint*, of course excepted—and they will at once see that in America, where the smallest business man knows that one well-thought-out advertisement will bring him better business than ten that are ill displayed, the standard of printing is much higher.

However, it is the common sense of the book that is its great attraction. Printed on strong paper in readable type, and cased neatly and serviceably, it admirably practises what it preaches. The simple line illustrations of Mr. G. A. Hammond are clear and demonstrative, while the tables, memoranda pages and glossary alone would make it valuable to any printing man.

MR. BINYON'S WAR-POETRY

THE FOUR YEARS. By Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are met, on the cover of Mr. Binyon's book, by a quotation from some unnamed critic to the effect that "these verses belong already to the treasured heritage of English Poetry." And when we have read them we are inclined to agree that this verdict is, in a certain sense, a true verdict. For we feel as we read "The Four Years" that the poems it contains might have been composed a century ago, or at almost any other time when the treasured heritage was in process of being gathered together. We should never be surprised to find any of Mr. Binyon's poems in an anthology dealing with the Hundred Years', Thirty Years', Seven Years', or Napoleonic or Crimean Wars. Indeed, they would make a very good show in any anthology dealing with any war that is not the present war. They are grave and noble in sentiment, exhibit a faultless literary taste, and are, technically, highly accomplished. And yet, somehow, for the apparently trivial reason that they were written to-day instead of even a generation ago, they are unsatisfying.

The poets of this war, of whom Mr. Sassoon is perhaps the most characteristic, have looked at war, not as Mr. Binyon and Wordsworth, not as Scott and Campbell regarded it—as the clash of moral principles or as something essentially glorious and honourable—but from a quite different point of view. They write as tortured individuals struggling in the clutches of a blind and senselessly cruel fate. Let us take an example: Mr. Binyon comes upon a group of crippled French soldiers, broken wreckage from Verdun:

I see them, men transfigured
As in a dream, dilate
Fabulous with the Titan throb
Of battling Europe's fate;
For history's hushed before them,
And legend flames afresh.
Verdun, the name of thunder,
Is written on their flesh.

One can hardly see a poet of Mr. Sassoon's stamp writing like this. He would write from the point of view of the wounded men, not as a spectator to whom the sight of them suggests large, romantic, epical thoughts. He would point out that it is much the same for a cripple if he has lost his leg in a battle or in a street accident; his amputated and difficult life stretches out as gloomily in either case. Only those who take a historical, or what we may be permitted to call a God's-eye, view of life, can derive comfort from the fact that a man has been maimed at Verdun instead of by a motor lorry in the street. The man who has been maimed will probably be the last to think in this fashion.

Now it may be that Mr. Binyon's way of envisaging the war is the right way; it may be that he sees things more justly and proportionably than the poets of Mr. Sassoon's way of thinking. Indeed, it is a commonplace of science and of history that the individual counts for very little: the universe is vast, the individual is an atom—and so forth. None the less, the fact remains that this war has produced poetry written from the standpoint of the individual suffering its horrors from within; and this poetry is, to our mind at least, a great deal more moving than the poetry of those who take the God's-eye view. Mr. Binyon's poetry is as solid and monumental as a war memorial; but it leaves us singularly cold.

A.L.H.

THE current number of the *Revue, de Paris* August 1, contains the second instalment of a series of unpublished letters of Gustave Flaubert.

A FLOOD IN THE OFFICE

THE NILE PROJECTS. By Sir William Willcocks. (Cairo, printing office of the French Institute of Archaeology.)

FATHER NILE, as the ancients ignorantly called him, is not the old gentleman he seems. Century after century he affected to rise in the Mountains of the Moon, and pour in a single flood through the land of Egypt for agricultural purposes. It was a clever pose, but, like so many others, it has been detected by modern research. The Nile turns out to be not one old gentleman, but two. He proves to have a dual personality, the integration of which may be studied at Khartoum. There two streams unite. On the right is the White Nile, which issued from the respectable bosom of the Victoria Nyanza, but which then did some curious things, notably involving itself in a vast and scandalous mass of decaying vegetables, known as the Sudd: it is not as clean as it looks, the White Nile. To the left is the Blue Nile, descending from the grubby uplands of Abyssinia, and providing colouring matter for the whole fluvial synthesis. On the tricks and whims of these two tributaries the Father's personality depends, and it is not surprising that he should be rather unstable, and that his worshippers should come to different conclusions about him. This, to put it mildly, is what has happened in this awful row. Two eminent engineers, Sir William Willcocks and Sir Murdoch MacDonald, have come to different conclusions about the personality of the Nile.

Now the Nile, whatever it is, has to be shared between the Sudan and Egypt, and it visits the Sudan first. Consequently, if the amount available for irrigation be over-estimated, the Sudan will get its share in fact, but Egypt will get hers on paper only. Sir Murdoch, according to Sir William, has in the first place wilfully over-estimated the amount of water available. He has exaggerated the discharge of both the White and Blue Nile, he has concealed since 1913 the tables that gave the true discharges, he has exaggerated the contents of the Aswan reservoir and the discharges therefrom; while the documents giving the true discharges were (always something shady) "stolen, lock, stock, and barrel, with their plotted cross-sections, velocity observations, and complete calculations." Blacker still. Affecting to help Sir William, Sir Murdoch has prepared a plate which not only misleads in the vital matter of an Outer Toe, but also contains certain diabolical red lines:

The red lines were professedly put in by him to elucidate my examination of the plates. I find that the red line, on the 1908 plate, by its inaccurate drawing, merely helps to confuse one. All these errors on a single plate, and all in one direction! And on the top of everything else the big-scale original 1908 diagram, full of inaccuracies, has got lost.

It is not quite the top, for Sir Murdoch has also been disingenuous about seepage and scour, and "To omit the correction for scour," as Sir William points out, "is like omitting the word 'Theon,' and then quoting Scripture to say 'Hang all the law and the Prophets.'" Moreover, he has seduced Sir William's former allies, four Inspectors-General named Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Molesworth, Mr. Adamson, and Mr. Hurst, who, when the row is at its height, advance unexpectedly to the footlights and perform a stately *pas de quatre*, expressive of official grief and surprise at Sir William's behaviour. Sir William wastes little time over the quartet, merely informing it that "as you have taken up your position, for reasons (as I conceive them) different from those put on paper, I shall certainly respect it. I thank God, I know my profession and need no intellectual *corvée* to do my work." And elsewhere he remarks that it was not King Henry II., but four members of his household, who did the actual killing of St. Thomas à Becket.

What led Sir Murdoch on this path of crime? Partly

the White Nile, partly the Blue; it is not easy to apportion the blame between them. His scheme apparently is (i) to dam the Blue Nile at Sennar, and devote most of the water thus obtained to the irrigation of the Sudan; (ii) to compensate Egypt by damming up the White Nile into a large reservoir just above Khartoum—a scheme which, in Sir William's judgment, will (a) rob Egypt of her immemorial water rights; (b) drown her, for the White Nile reservoir will probably burst; (c) in any case drown out the inhabitants of the White Nile valley; (d) bring myriads of malarial mosquitoes to the gates of Khartoum; (e)—but he makes fifteen charges in all. He prints the charges just as he laid them before the Committee appointed by the Foreign Office to inquire into the row; he appends to each charge the Committee's reply, which is in many cases "Silence," and then he adds his criticism of the Committee's reply. At the end are appendices and two lectures. The whole makes fascinating reading. It is well arranged and (as far as Sir William is concerned) well written; it is inspired by a passion for truth, and by something even rarer—a passion for water. Sir William's veneration for the queer river he once served is amazing; not only has he a vivid sense of its antiquity, but his own dealings with it have been touched by the superhuman, so that in the course of hydraulic operations he has seen

magno mærentem corpore Nilum
Pandentemque sinus et tota veste vocantem
Cæruleum in gremium latebrosa que flumina;

and he is never more impressive than when he withdraws from the contest, and allows that complication of waters to speak for itself:

Father Nile himself has shown his strong disapprobation of the Gebel Aoli reservoir [*i.e.*, of the second part of Sir Murdoch's scheme] by sending down a summer flood on the White Nile which effectively stopped all work on the dam. Seated on the top of the Gebel Aoli hill, the engineers might contemplate the site of their barrage, but they could not get within a kilometre of it for a year and a half. This is in keeping with all the traditions of the Nile. When he wearied of the arbitrary government of the old Khedivate, he sent down the extraordinarily low flood of 1877, followed by the extraordinarily high one of 1878, and accomplished in a couple of years what Europe had been trying to do for scores of years. When we began the redemption of the *corvée* in 1885 and were entangled in unforeseen difficulties, he sent one of the earliest floods on record and made the operation a brilliant success. He looked kindly on the construction of the Aswan dam, and sent four successive low floods so that the work might be expeditiously built. He will have none of the contemplated destruction of the White Nile province, which is fast recovering from the withering rule of the Derveshes.

And he conceives of the Nile as an immemorial but enlightened stream, favourable to the British Empire and the poor. Such a stream will never be taken in by the wiles of Sir Murdoch MacDonald. It will meet plot by counterplot, it will empty his reservoirs by evaporation or burst them by flood until he and the four Inspectors-General with him have perished off the land. But the alternative scheme—Sir William's own—the Nile will bless, even as it blessed the dam he cast across it at Aswan; This scheme is to utilize the despised and dreaded region of the Sudd—the huge tangle of water-growth that blocks the Equatorial reaches of the White Nile. Not for nothing did the Nile allow these weeds to grow. Apparently so pernicious, they are really a vast natural reservoir, which has only to be tapped and regulated to provide both Egypt and the Sudan with all the water they desire:

The problem is solved, but, like every true solution of nature's mysteries, it has yielded a double blessing. It has given itself a new name. "Thy name shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name." It is no longer the "Sudd Region," but the "Sudd Reservoir."

Such is the character that Sir William gives the Nile. One wishes he could add that the Father cared for Art, but, like other pious elderly gentlemen it ignores such a trifle, and the Aswan reservoir has not only submerged the temples on Philæ, but has led to the waterlogging of Luxor and

Karnak. Properly handled, the Nile is a force for good, a moral force, and there we must leave him.

As to the merits of the rival schemes, it is for expert engineers, and not for THE ATHENÆUM, to pronounce—though one may observe in passing that Sir William Willcocks stands at the very head of his profession, that he writes with obvious sincerity, that his charges are extremely detailed and have in many cases been ignored by the Committee, and that his general plea for openness and frankness deserves the warmest support of the public. Anyone who has worked in an office knows how strong is the tendency to hush everything up and how the subordinate is always sacrificed to save the superior. What concerns us, however, is the psychology of the dispute. Never, since Professor Housman published his Preface to Manilius, has a technical work been so lively. There is a literature outside literature—books which, without observing any canons of art, can convey passion and even beauty. "The Nile Projects" is such a book because, besides exhibiting human disputants, it does convey some idea of a subtle and unique mass of water.

E. M. F.

ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL WISDOM

SHEKEL HAKODESH (THE HOLY SHEKEL), THE METRICAL WORK OF JOSEPH KIMCHI . . . TO WHICH IS ADDED YESOD HAYIRAH (THE FOUNDATION OF RELIGIOUS FEAR). By Hermann Gollancz, D.Litt. (Milford, 21s. net.)

THE world need never—or perhaps more appropriately should never—be afraid of getting too much wisdom, even if the wisdom happens, as in the present case, to exhibit a considerable admixture of piety. Modern readers should, therefore, be ready to extend a hearty welcome to the gnomes, aphorisms, and occasional anecdotes placed before them in Professor H. Gollancz's latest volume. By far the larger number of these wise sayings and admonitory paragraphs are mediæval Hebrew renderings from the Arabic; and as the Arabic itself was largely based on Greek sources, we have to contemplate the interesting genealogy running from the Greek to Arabic, Hebrew, and now also English. Nor must it be forgotten that, in the opinion of many, the higher thought of Greece was considerably indebted to India and Egypt, so that some part, at any rate, of the contents of this volume might legitimately lay claim to something approaching the character of cosmopolitanism. And this is as it ought to be, for wisdom, like music, should, without in the least concealing the imprint of its national origin, aim at becoming as completely cosmopolitan as possible.

Professor Gollancz, who gives us the Hebrew texts in a well-edited form, and also acts as the interpreter of their contents into English, had been zealously engaged on this undertaking for a number of years. The task of translating the second work named in the title was comparatively easy, the diction of the original being clear and smooth throughout; but the rendering of the "Shekel Hakodesh," which, as the title indicates, was intended as an artistic metrical representation of a wisdom-book written in prose, must have presented a good many difficulties to our conscientious translator. The result must be pronounced praiseworthy for the most part, and even happy in a considerable number of instances. He has wisely refrained from attempting a versified translation of either work. For this discreet act of self-restraint a reviewer who has often groaned in spirit over modern metrical renderings from the wisdom literature contained in the Bible must be particularly grateful. A man must be not only a versifier, but a true poet, in order to do a thing like this well. In the

vast majority of cases it is wisest for the translator to aim merely at expressing the sense of his original in clear modern speech. This Professor Gollancz has done; and as he has also succeeded in imparting to his prose version something of the literary flavour of the mediæval texts, an increased degree of merit in this matter must fall to his share.

Our editor and translator has attempted no final solution of the various literary problems connected with his subject. Is the compilation of the important work known as "The Choice of Pearls" to be assigned definitely to Solomon ibn Gabirol, of the first half of the eleventh century, who under the name Avicbron was far-famed in the Middle Ages as the author of the philosophical work "Fons Vitæ"? In what relation does "The Choice of Pearls" stand to "The Dicta of the Philosophers," rendered from Greek sources into Arabic by the Nestorian Christian Hunain ibn Ishak? Who was the author of "The Foundation of Religious Fear," and what collections of sayings, besides "The Choice of Pearls," were used by Joseph Kimchi (1105-70) for his "Shekel Hakodesh"? These are the main questions to which answers have yet to be given. Professor Gollancz offers here and there in his introduction some shrewd suggestions, but he has in the main contented himself with a series of quotations on these matters from previous writers.

With the English translation of "The Foundation of Religious Fear" we have been acquainted since its first publication about four years ago, and some estimate of its value will be found in a review of it published in THE ATHENÆUM for July 31, 1915; and now that the Hebrew text itself lies before us, we are able to reaffirm the statement that, though neither very original nor particularly striking in thought or diction, "a dignified level is maintained" throughout the composition. It was evidently written *con amore* and with sufficient ease, under the inspiration of a religious idea that pervades it from the beginning to the end, so that, notwithstanding the frequent borrowing that no doubt lies behind it, the unifying stamp of Jewish piety is impressed on every stanza of the work.

The "Shekel Hakodesh" has no doubt considerable merit as a specimen of mediæval Hebrew versification, but we confess to a decided feeling that the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm often tend to detract from the clearness and terseness of the sentences as found in their prose form in "The Choice of Pearls." In the last-named work we, for instance, read: "A man without wisdom is like a house without a foundation"; but in the poetic form it becomes: "Truly man's body without wisdom is as a house without a base, as a field in which the thorn springeth forth in the furrow." Instances of a similar kind might easily be multiplied, but only one other example may fitly be given here. The prose version has "Be as sparing with thy tongue as thou art with thy wealth," and in the metrical work this is turned into: "Thy tongue bind fast, as thou wouldst a treasure bind; for if thou heed not, it will fare ill with thy soul."

It is quite true that some of the point and piquancy of the Hebrew verse is naturally lost in the English rendering; but we believe that, even after making a liberal allowance under this head, many modern readers will rather go for their wisdom, if they really want some of it, to "The Choice of Pearls" (published in Hebrew and English by B. H. Ascher in 1859) than to the "Shekel Hakodesh" of the talented and learned Joseph Kimchi.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, of University College, London, has been appointed to the newly created Chair of Organic Chemistry of Armstrong College, Newcastle. Dr. Smiles had a distinguished university career and has written several works of importance on organic dyestuffs.

TRIAL AND TESTIMONY

THE SECOND PERIOD OF QUAKERISM. By William C. Braithwaite. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

DESPITE their insistence upon the Inner Light and Individual Conscience as the pillars of a true and living faith—despite, that is to say, a bias towards an intuitional rather than a proven and an argued religion—Friends have never let themselves be drawn into the mere shifting and anchorless emotionalism which marks religious individualism at its worst. While they have distrusted the human brain as a final solvent of spiritual problems, they have never disparaged its activities in the petty, childish way common to the small fry of mysticism. Their creed has always been remarkable not only for a strength of endurance and fixity of purpose that defied all efforts at intimidation, but also for a temperate sagacity and a sweet reasonableness that are particularly rare in the history of religious life and thought. Of them it could not often be said:

The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom.

Rather would it be more just to connect them with Lord Morley's aphorism, "All good things may come from the heart, but they must go round by the head."

In their historians Friends have been singularly happy, having found in them just this union of strong emotion, springing from a genuine sense of vocation, with temperate wisdom, springing from a broad outlook and a real devotion to truth. Mr. Braithwaite's new book, which takes up the history of the Society where he left it seven years ago in his "Beginnings of Quakerism," is essentially true to this tradition. He is not a professional historian, writing to make a name or to win a chair: he is the member of a Society, writing its life-story in his spare time because he feels a call to do so. Yet he never becomes an emotional propagandist or an irresponsible partisan; nor does he allow the love that is beneath his labour to carry him away from the historian's path. His study of the numerous original documents and correspondence, and of the records of Sufferings and of Meetings, has been profound, and his devotion to detail is tremendous.

His book falls naturally into three portions. There is an external history of the persecution and progress of Quakerism from 1660 into the middle of the eighteenth century; an account of the internal development, government and discipline of the Society during the period; and a general discussion of the Quaker way of life and thought at the close of the seventeenth century. The first section is mainly a record of dire tribulation and of heroic endurance, and it rings with the actual words of the chief actors on that tragic but glorious stage. There is that noble saying of George Fox, as true, alas! to-day as ever: "In refusing this second tender of the oath, he held up the Bible as the book which forbade swearing, and said he wondered it was at liberty. How did it chance that they did not imprison the book? A saying which went round the country as a by-word." The narrative of the Conventicle Acts and the great persecution of 1681 is a record of fiendish intolerance. Even the little children were assaulted by the magistrates and their soldiery. In the words of John Whiting,

Now after the men and women were mostly taken up and imprisoned, the meetings were mostly kept up by children . . . whom they abused very much . . . putting them in the stocks several times, Helliar beating them with a twisted whalebone stick. Another time, Tilly, inhuman wretch, beat them with a faggot stick, which they bore patiently, the Lord no doubt supporting them and accepting the kindness of their youth.

Thus Church and State, but endurance triumphed, as endurance will. It was undoubtedly the stand of the indomitable Quakers that made Nonconformity and religious freedom possible in England, since most of the

other recusants were only too eager for a destructive compromise. The régime of the informers and the transporters—of Sir Richard Browne, a Major-General with an advanced taste in persecution, and Humphrey Henchman, an ordinary episcopal bully—of Lying Fudge the ship-master, and drunken Hilton, the Government spy—yielded at last to the stubborn spirit and invincible pacifism of the Friends, so that at the close of the century came the dawn of toleration. Fortunately for the credit of our country, the atrocities were never popular, and, as a rule, the sympathies of the common people were on the side of those who bore patient testimony to their sincerity. Mr. Braithwaite handles this terrible story with a striking restraint. He has good first-hand authority in the Books of Sufferings, compiled by the unwearied devotion of Ellis Hookes, and, working on these and similar documents, he never allows sympathy to drive out history, nor history to lose its life.

The story of the internal government of the Society, naturally of less general interest, is told with equal care. The difficulty lay for the leaders in combining corporate solidarity with a basic philosophy of individual choice and inspiration.

The message "To your own, to your own," that is to the Light Within, was now supplemented and sometimes supplanted by the message, "Keep in the unity." And just in so far as the corporate life exercised disciplinary authority there was inevitably some repression of individual freedom and the beginnings of an imposed uniformity.

This led to such partition and disagreement as the Wilkinson-Story separation, and to many burdensome trials for George Fox. Even William Penn had his critics in the Society.

Mr. Braithwaite leads a clear path through confused issues, and sees both aspects of every question. Particularly interesting is his third section of the book, describing the Quaker way of life. It is a point often overlooked that the Quaker protest was originally aimed against extravagance, not beauty; against idle lavishness of clothing and decoration, not against good quality. The fanatics of sackcloth and ashes are rebuked as Pharisees by Margaret Fox: "We must be all in one dress and one colour. This is a poor, silly gospel." In industrial matters the Quakers at once adopted the rôle, so honourably maintained, of the just employer; but even in those days the Society contained original and revolutionary thinkers on the subject. John Bellers, for instance, of whom Mr. Braithwaite gives a most interesting account, foreshadowed both the teaching and the practice of Robert Owen, and deserved the tribute paid to him by Karl Marx as "a veritable phenomenon in the history of political economy." A man of great energy and feeling, he must fairly be admitted as one of the founders of Christian Socialism.

Mr. Braithwaite has now completed his task, and Dr. Rufus Jones is at work on the concluding volume of the history, which will carry the story of the Society on to the present day. That prosperity is more dangerous to a movement than persecution is an obvious fact. Mr. Braithwaite writes of days when trials were stern and spirits high—of days, in the common phrase, when history was being made. A lesser man might have been led into exuberance and lack of balance, but Mr. Braithwaite never loses his grasp or lays aside the blend of wisdom and of love which must make this book of engrossing interest not only to Friends, but to all lovers of religious freedom.

I. B.

In their Seventieth Annual Report, for the year 1918, the Fitzwilliam Museum Syndicate record the donation to the Museum of a number of valuable gifts, among which are a collection of Indian and other coins bequeathed by the late J. D. Tremlett; a large picture of Tarquin and Lucrece by Titian; two early water-colours by Turner; and the "Metz Pontifical" presented by Mr. H. Yates Thompson.

A BACKWARD GLANCE

THE ARROW OF GOLD. By Joseph Conrad. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. net.)

AS we read Mr. Conrad's latest published book we find ourselves wishing once again that it were a common practice among authors to let us know the year in which a book is begun and ended. This, of course, applies only to writers whose work does show very marked signs of progression, development and expansion. The others, that large band who will guarantee to produce the same thrill with variations for you once, twice, or thrice yearly, do not count. For their great aim is never to show a sign of change—to make their next novel as good as their last, but no better—to take their readers for an excursion, as it were, but always to put up at the same hotel, where they know the waiters' faces, and the way to the bathroom, and the shape of the biscuits that accompany the cheese.

But perhaps your real writer would retort that this was precisely the business of the critic—to be able to see, at a glance almost, what place this or that novel filled in the growing chain. Our reply would be that the spirit of the age is against us; it is an uneasy, disintegrating, experimental spirit, and there are moments, as, for instance, the moment after reading the "Arrow of Gold," when it shakes us into wishing that Mr. Conrad had just added those four figures, thereby putting out once and for all that tiny flicker of dismay.

But—away with it! It is impossible not to believe that he has had this particular novel in the cellar for a considerable time—this sweet, sparkling, heady mixture in the strange-shaped bottle with the fantastic label. How does it stand being held up to the light, tasted, sipped, and compared with those dark foreign beverages with which he has made us so familiar?

The tale is told by a young man who confesses to being, at the time, "inconceivably young—still beautifully unthinking—infinately receptive." Lonely and sober, at Carnival time in Marseilles he chums up with two remarkable gentlemen: one Captain Blunt: "eminently elegant," and the other a robust, fair little man in clothes too tight for him, a Mr. Mills. They are both connected with the plot to put Don Carlos on the throne of Spain—Blunt as a soldier, and Mills as a gun-runner; and the talk between these three comparative strangers is of the ship loaded with contraband which Mills brought from the Clyde, how it was chased by a republican gunboat and stranded, and whether it would be possible to escape the vigilance of the French Customs authorities and save the cargo for the cause. The French Customs cannot be bribed, but a mere hint from high quarters . . . and here Captain Blunt "let fall casually the words, 'She will manage it for you quite easily.'" "She" is the *femme fatale*, the woman of all times, the Old Enchantress, the idol before whom no man can do aught but worship, the Eternal Feminine, Donna Rita, woman.

During the night the two friends tell their young acquaintance her incredible story, and even arrange that he shall meet her next day at luncheon. This is her incredible story. When scarcely more than a child she was found in a *robe à deux sous* with a hole in her stocking, sitting with her feet in the damp grass, by an eccentric personality, a man of immense wealth and power, a collector of priceless possessions, and a painter. In something less than a year and a-half he brought her to Paris, and the first morning he took her riding an old sculptor greeted her and asked if "I might finish my artist's life with your face; but I shall want a piece of those shoulders too. . . . I can see through the cloth they are divine. . . . Yes, I will do your head and then—*nunc dimittis*.'" "These," says Captain Blunt, "are the first words with

which the world greeted her, or should I say civilization did. . . ." For four years she holds her court in the pavilion at Passy, treated, as she says, "as if I had been a precious object in a collection, an ivory carving, or a piece of Chinese embroidery," and all the great ones of the modern world pass in review before her. Then her protector dies, leaving her his fortune, his collections, his four houses, but not one "woman soul" to whom she might turn, who would at least "have put her on her guard." There is a tragedy out of which she emerged, unspotted but more famous still, and a great, great power. Why is she, too, anxious Don Carlos should have his crown? We are not told. The new young man, who takes the name of Monsieur George, joins the conspiracy, and lays his life at Donna Rita's feet. From the moment he sees her coming down the crimson staircase all is over with the young man. He cannot find words big enough, bright enough, strong enough with which to describe that vision—"the delicate carnation of that face, which, after the first glance given to the whole person, drew irresistibly your gaze to itself by an indefinable quality of charm beyond all analysis, and made you think of remote races, of strange generations, of the faces of women sculptured on immemorial monuments. . . .

. . . She said to us, "I am sorry I kept you waiting." Her voice was low-pitched, penetrating, and of the most seductive gentleness. . . .

. . . Next moment she caught sight of some envelopes lying on the round marble-topped table. . . . She seized one of them, with a wonderfully quick, almost feline movement.

. . . Her widened eyes stared at the paper. Mr. Blunt threw one of the doors open, but before we passed through we heard a petulant exclamation accompanied by childlike stamping with both feet, and ending in a laugh which had in it a note of contempt.

We have quoted this to show how complete a *femme fatale* Donna Rita was, how absolutely true to type. Where shall we look for a creature more richly equipped with all the allurements and fascinations?

The plot moves on. Blunt flashes his teeth, Mills disappears, Dona Rita's inscrutable maid grows in inscrutability, a group of preposterous creatures move within its circle—they are there—they are gone—Monsieur George succeeds in adventure and almost succeeds in love—until there is a crisis so fantastical that we cannot but fancy Mr. Conrad of to-day smiling at its stage horrors. Out of the murderous clutch of a little man who loved her in her wild childhood and has haunted her ever since, a little man with whiskers "black and cut somewhat in the shape of a shark's fin, and so very fine that the last breath of air animated them into a sort of playful restlessness," Monsieur George bears her away to a villa "embowered in roses," and to six months of happy love. But then Monsieur George is called upon to fight a duel with Captain Blunt, and when he recovers of his wound it is to find that the *femme fatale*, simply because she is a *femme fatale*, has forsaken him, leaving behind her for remembrance the arrow of gold.

This example of Mr. Conrad in search of himself, Mr. Conrad, a pioneer, surveying the rich untravelled forest landscape of his mind, is extraordinarily revealing. When she think of his fine economy of expression, his spare use of gesture, his power of conveying the mystery of another's being, and contrast it with:

She listened to me, unreadable, unmoved, narrowed eyes, closed lips, slightly flushed face, as if carved six thousand years ago in order to fix for ever that something secret and obscure which is in all women. Not the gross immobility of a sphinx proposing roadside riddles, but the finer immobility, almost sacred, of a fateful figure seated at the very source of the passions that have moved men from the dawn of ages. . . .

—we are amazed to think of the effort it has cost him to clear that wild luxurious country and to build thereupon his dignified stronghold.

K. M.

OXFORD NOTES: TRINITY TERM, 1919.

THE term which has just come to an end was one of the most thrilling and the most momentous in the long life of the University. To find our rooms no longer filled with young warriors, but once more in the occupation of pale students or eager athletes, sent a thrill through everyone who had known Oxford as she was before the war, and had seen her pass through her several phases during the continuance of the struggle. At one time during the war the twenty-one Colleges, the three Halls, and the Censor of Non-Collegiate Students could only account for some 300 undergraduates between them; by February last the number had risen to about 1,350; in May there were 2,440 undergraduates in residence, of whom 300 were *revenants* who had had their Oxford life broken into in 1914. Even so, the numbers were some 600 below those of 1914. Yet Oxford has never seemed more full. For a few college rooms were still in the occupation of soldiers, nurses and Somerville students; and many landladies who used to cater for the undergraduate had gone out of business. So the finding of accommodation was an anxious task for college authorities. In consequence the Lodging-House Delegacy relaxed their regulations in a way which, before the war, would have been considered as subversive of all necessary safeguards for the moral and physical well-being of our young men.

And life in Oxford was much as it was before the great interruption. Eights' Week (though the character of the races was somewhat modified, and the results will not affect next year) was held; there was a memorable Encænna, at which Sir Douglas Haig, of Brasenose, and the other naval and military leaders of ourselves and our allies received honorary degrees; there were some balls (though fewer than of old); there was the old enthusiasm at our victories over Cambridge at cricket and lawn tennis, both unexpected since Cambridge had so many of their 1914 players still in residence. It is true that there were but few Rhodes scholars amongst us, but their place was to some extent taken by 200 American officers, who came up for one term to get an insight into the Oxford way of work. They themselves did not do much work, but wisely enjoyed their stay as much as we did.

But in one respect there was a marked change for the better. Almost every undergraduate had some serious purpose: he was in Oxford because he had some definite intellectual ambition. The Union was crowded with ardent politicians, full of ideas, if not always of the moderation of wisdom. Even college halls frequently failed to hold the dense crowds apparently eager to attend lectures. And to those who had known how often of old even able men and good scholars regarded their studies with a measure of bored indifference, it seemed that we were witnessing a renaissance of intellectual and artistic ardour. For the minds of the returned soldiers were aflame with a passionate zeal for the search for truth and beauty. This awakened interest in the things that matter manifested itself in many ways, not all of them equally acceptable to the more conservative amongst us. At St. John's, at Queen's, at Balliol, and at New College it appears that, with the acquiescence of the governing bodies, Undergraduate Councils (something in the nature of Whitley Councils) have been formed; whilst it is rumoured that a step in the same direction is to be taken at Christ Church. But it is not probable that this phenomenon is more than temporary; a student population constantly changing in its personnel does not seem a fit field for such developments. A movement far more likely to spread is the tendency of college servants to join the local trade union. At some colleges all the servants have already joined. This may cause great difficulty to the less wealthy colleges, and may help to put up still farther the cost of an Oxford education—a very deplorable effect. For we had all hoped to lower that cost, and, though the general rise in prices has made that impossible, most colleges have made great efforts to keep charges at the pre-war level.

During term we were harshly reminded of the defects of our constitution. A very great majority of the resident teachers were desirous of amending Responsions (often wrongly called our "entrance examination") with a view to giving candidates a greater freedom of choice as to subjects. Amongst many other changes it was proposed to allow candidates to offer *either* Latin *or* Greek, with the result that Greek would no longer be a compulsory subject for those taking a B.A. degree. At present the amount of Greek required for this examination

can be, and frequently is, crammed up in three months by an able boy who wishes to read science or mathematics. The loss to learning or culture involved in the proposed change would therefore seem to be small: a knowledge, reluctantly and unintelligently obtained, of a set book and the occasional perversities of Greek accidence does not necessarily connote an understanding, still less an absorption, of the Greek spirit. Greek is no longer compulsory at Cambridge. The arguments for the change were overwhelming. But our ultra-conservatives would not let it be. They summoned to their aid in Convocation the M.A.'s who had kept their names on the books—mostly clergymen, with no interest in or knowledge of education, who take (and properly) great pleasure in coming back to lunch at their old college, and in revisiting the scenes associated with their adventures as high-spirited undergraduates. Such schoolmasters as could get away from their work came to help those in favour of reform, but schoolmasters are busier than clergy on weekdays, and the number of them was relatively small. In the result Convocation rejected the proposed change by 312 votes to 306. And so, in the language of the victors, Greek and Christianity and (I think) the British Constitution itself are saved. Were the rejection of these proposals treated as final the situation would be serious: amongst other evils it is probable that all the ablest boys with a gift for mathematics or natural science would henceforth go to Cambridge. More important still, it will be thought (with some reason) that Oxford has refused to face her responsibilities as a national institution. But it may be hoped that things will not rest where they are for long. It is proposed to reintroduce the rejected statute next term with a wider preamble, which will enable Professor Murray and his friends to move certain amendments limiting the option to those who are on the way to an Honours degree in natural science, mathematics, or (possibly) law, and to men taking a Pass degree. With the preamble in the form which it took last term, such amendments were ruled to be out of order.

An even more momentous issue was raised in the proposal to ask for financial aid from the Government, and the decision taken was even more serious, for it was definitive and it is difficult to see how we can go back upon it. This time the non-resident M.A.'s (with the exception of a number of personal friends of the Science Professors) were not summoned and did not come, though the question at issue was not, as in the case of the Responsions Statute, a question of curriculum (which might be thought to be the concern of the resident teachers), but one affecting the whole future status of the University. For State aid means State control, of which many Fellows of Colleges have had an impressive experience during the war. The history of the disaster may be told shortly. Some of our departments—in particular some of the Science departments—are in need of more funds in order that laboratories may be properly equipped and demonstrators adequately paid. The Science Professors tabled their demands (which have never been scrutinized and which are generally believed to be in many cases grossly inflated) and presented them to the Hebdomadal Council. Council, instead of consulting the Finance Board which was created for the purpose, passed on the demands to the Minister of Education with a "For your attention, please." Mr. Fisher naturally enough took the line that no permanent assistance could be given by the State until an inquiry had been made into the financial resources of the University and the Colleges, and asked for a promise of co-operation in such an inquiry as a condition of giving interim help. Few of us in Oxford thought it politic to throw any difficulties in the way of any such inquiry or that we had anything to fear from it, however much we might feel that the time was inopportune for throwing an extra burden in the preparation of evidence on the shoulders of an already overburdened teaching staff. But a very large body of opinion supported Mr. A. J. Jenkinson in the view that State aid (with State control) should be asked only after every avenue had been explored whereby we might find our own salvation. But the time given for consideration before the day of the debate was short, and opportunism and avidity won the day. Oxford is now committed to the receipt of Government monies. The position is the more dangerous and the more revolutionary as the Government will now only give "block grants," i.e. to the University as a whole, whilst in the past they made grants to a particular department or for a specific object.

The corollary to the new principle is clearly Government control of the general policy of the University. In future, unless we reverse our policy, Oxford, who if she is to fulfil her part as the guide and inspirer of national thought and life should foster British ideas of freedom and independence, can be brought to heel at the crack of the Governmental whip.

Most of our teachers who are to return at all had returned last term; the rest will be back next. But the war has left sad gaps in our teaching staffs, and the Colleges have been busy filling up the empty places—a more speculative business than it was before the war as many of the new Fellows have never been through the test of a Final School. Some of the vacant Professorships too have been filled; and general approval has followed the appointments of Professor Lindemann to the Chair of Physics, of Professor Soddy to the new Lees Chair of Chemistry and of Professor Joachim to the Chair of Logic. We all regretted the resignation by Mr. Madan of his position as Bodley's Librarian, but we all rejoiced that he should be succeeded by Dr. Cowley. Dr. Pope has resigned the Censorship of Non-Collegiate Students, and has been succeeded by Mr. J. B. Baker; whilst death has taken from us one of the oldest and most faithful servants of the University in the person of Mr. W. B. Gamlen, whose place at the Chest has been taken by Colonel Stenning, C.B.

W. T. S. S.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, July 30, 1919.

IN our last "Notes from Ireland" we mentioned the fact that stained glass as a fine art is now very prominent here. (ATHENÆUM, July 25, p. 656.)

About two months ago the memorial window presented by the Duke of Connaught to St. Bartholomew's Church, Ottawa, was exhibited in Dublin at Miss Purser's Glass Works in Upper Pembroke Street. This large window is a splendid memorial to the nine members of the Duke's Canadian staff who fell in the late war. His Royal Highness has presented not only the stained glass, but also the stonework and a large brass inscribed with the names of the fallen officers.

The window is the design of Miss W. M. Geddes, and was entirely executed by her. It consists of three lights, traceries, and bases. The subject is the welcoming of a slain warrior by soldier saints, champions and angels. In the left-hand light he is conducted by St. Raphael and St. Gabriel. Behind them is the Angel of Death bearing a cup, and above the Angel of Peace. In the middle light, meeting them, are St. Longinus, St. Sebastian, and St. Martin, with banners in their hands; above them St. Michael the Archangel with sword and sceptre. In the right-hand light are St. Edmund, Joan of Arc, and St. Louis with banners, and St. George on horseback. In the backgrounds of the three lights may be seen knights of King Arthur, etc.

In the traceries are angels of War and Peace. The bases contain, besides the inscription, a procession of singers with branches in their hands, and figures of mourners, old men and women. These bases are extremely striking and pathetic in their conception. The figures of the mourning men and women are strange and solemn and lend mystery to the design. The window has since been shown in London.

The success of the glasswork executed at Upper Pembroke Street is largely due to the fact that, except for the purely mechanical parts of cutting and glazing, etc., each window is the work of one artist, who makes the sketch and cartoon, and selects and paints every morsel of the glass himself or herself. Thus mechanical uniformity is avoided, and the artist has an interest in the production for which he is responsible that is not possible for him under the system of the splitting up of processes in ordinary trade work.

On August Bank Holiday the Abbey Theatre reopens with a new play by a new dramatist. The play is entitled "Brady," and is by Mr. Theodore Maynard. During August the Abbey Theatre will present "The Fiddler's House," by Padraic Colum; and other new productions are promised. The company suffered heavily last spring in the loss of some of its leading actors, but much is hoped for from the new manager, Mr. Lennox Robinson.

H. T. S.

Science

THE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD

WHEN Donne marries a lover and his mistress in the body of a flea he is not merely indulging the extravagance of his wit, but is giving concrete expression to a common feeling that we have no more intimate possession than our blood; yet it is not so individual that it cannot be shared with other people, and there are to-day hundreds of men alive in whose veins has flowed the blood of others. Our sense of personality in the corpuscles is perhaps a little dashed when we reflect that there are at least 15,000,000,000,000,000 in circulation in the body, and the presence of so large a number might have suggested even to the most possessive of us that we could spare some to be given to another whose need for corpuscles was a matter of life or death. Nevertheless the blood-letting of war had lasted for two years before it came to be realized, through the American doctors in France, that the transference of blood from one individual to another could be safely practised, and that valuable lives could be saved by this means every day.

Occasional attempts to transfuse blood had been made at intervals since the sixteenth century, but no real progress was made until 1892, when a method was devised of transferring blood by means of a syringe from one person to another. All previous methods had depended on a direct flow of blood from an artery in the arm of the donor through a tube into a vein in the arm of the recipient, and it was impossible to measure the amount of blood that had passed through the tube. The syringe method, however, still did not overcome the chief difficulty, namely, the readiness with which blood will clot as soon as it leaves the body. Much research into the properties of the blood was needed before it was discovered that, if the blood be allowed to come into contact only with a surface of paraffin wax, clotting is prevented or delayed; so that, if the blood be drawn into a glass vessel coated on the inside with a thin layer of wax and be transferred thence immediately into the vein of the recipient, a measured quantity of blood can be transfused with comparative ease. This method is still often used, but it presents some technical difficulties and, even in practised hands, is not absolutely certain of success. The last and greatest advance was made in 1913, when an American researcher found that, if the blood be mixed with a suitable proportion of citrate of sodium, clotting is prevented altogether, and that the mixture is as beneficial to the recipient as if pure blood were given.

About the same time, however, another American showed that a great danger existed owing to peculiarities in the bloods of different individuals, the corpuscles of some people being destroyed by the fluid part of the blood of others. Although this would usually result only in the loss of the corpuscles of the transfused blood without any harm being done, yet the effect was occasionally so violent that the relatively small amount of blood given was enough to destroy the corpuscles of the recipient, with fatal consequences. It was then found possible to classify people into four groups which exist in constant proportions. Of these, one group, the smallest (1%), cannot give blood to anyone except to people of their own group, though they can be given any blood. A second group, fortunately the largest (44%), are able to give their blood to anyone without ill effects. The two other groups, of intermediate frequency (15% and 40%), are mutually antagonistic, though their blood can be given to members of the first group mentioned and of their own group. The test can be easily made, and it is now recognized that blood-donors must be of the second group

or of the same group as the recipient. This incompatibility of bloods is believed not to be dependent on any external conditions, such as diseases that the individual may have suffered from, but to be due to differences of a chemical nature, which are probably inherited in a definite manner.

The total amount of blood circulating in the body of an adult has been variously estimated to be from seven to ten pints, but the body can accommodate itself to differences in amount within fairly wide limits. It is this property of accommodation which makes it possible for the blood-donor to part with as much as a pint and a half without any ill effects other than a transient faintness; but it is difficult to judge the amount of blood lost by a badly wounded man, since his collapsed condition is brought about by a number of factors besides loss of blood. He may have lost any amount up to three or four pints, so that his heart is becoming exhausted in a vain attempt to force a small amount of blood round a circulatory system too large for it, and his lungs are failing to do their work of oxygenating the blood that remains, owing to the inadequacy of the supply that reaches them. The immediate effect of blood-transfusion upon a patient dying from loss of blood is one of the most striking things in the whole range of surgery. Within ten minutes of the beginning of the transfusion the patient shows signs of returning life; his breathing, from being a series of deep sighs, becomes normal, his pulse returns, and his grey face regains its natural colour. A transfusion carried out in France, sometimes under difficulties, was apt to be a real race with death, the margin of time being perhaps only fifteen minutes; but the result was nearly always a reward adequate to the intensity of the effort. It was never difficult to obtain any number of volunteers for the office of blood-donor; any man took a genuine pleasure in helping to save the life of a comrade, the rescue sometimes being effected under his very eyes. The strength of the popular feeling of individuality in corpuscles was well shown by the tacit assumption that no man would care even to have his life saved by the transfusion of German blood, and prisoners of war were accordingly seldom used for this purpose.

In spite of the simplicity of the process it became impossible during times of stress to carry out all the transfusions that were necessary, and much research was done in England in order to find a substitute for blood, which could be prepared beforehand in large quantities. In 1918 it was announced that this substitute had been found in the shape of a solution of gum-acacia, and it was used at once with high hopes of success; but, although the gum had been found to satisfy the physiological conditions when used for transfusing cats in a London laboratory, it was proved to have disappointing results in France, and blood continued to be used whenever conditions permitted of it.

It is interesting to inquire into the history and ultimate fate of the corpuscles of transfused blood, and this year it has been shown that the visiting corpuscles can remain in the circulation for more than thirty days, and it is therefore almost certain that they can carry out their normal functions in the new surroundings.

It is improbable that blood-transfusion will ever be used on a large scale in civil practice. Its application has so far been found to be of limited use in the various blood diseases, such as pernicious anæmia, and its chief use will be in the relatively rare cases of bleeding from accidental wounds and after childbirth. Already in America there are to be found professional blood-donors who, for an adequate reward, are willing to give a pint, or more, of blood every three months; but Nature would revolt were anyone to attempt to use his blood as his only source of income by giving it at more frequent intervals than this.

Fine Arts

MODERN FRENCH ART AT THE MANSARD GALLERY

IT is to be hoped that the holidays will not prevent too many people from visiting the exhibition at the Mansard Gallery. Nothing like such a representative show of modern French art has been seen in London for many years. It is indeed extraordinary how few opportunities are allowed to the English public of seeing what is being done in Paris. The fact is that there are scarcely any enterprising and intelligent dealers in modern art in London. Every now and then a small collection of some single artist (Marchand or Asselin) finds its way to the Carfax Gallery, but that is all. Knowing as one does how widespread is the interest in modern French art among artists and amateurs in London, one wonders why so large a prospect of financial gain—to put it on the lowest grounds—is persistently neglected. Anyhow, we have here in the Mansard Gallery a specimen of what ought to be due at least once every year.

It is not perhaps a fully representative collection. Some of the greater masters are seen in minor works, and there is an indisputable tail, but even this rather casual and unsystematic gleaning from the contemporary Parisian output is astonishing in its interest and variety. My general impression is that there are about ten times as many pictures that, on the face of it, are worth a careful study, that refuse to be dismissed at a glance, as there are in a good London Group Exhibition, and it would be affectation for me to deny that I think the London Group far the best annual show of modern work in England. It is not the big names, the Matisse, Derain, Picassos, that surprise me most here—but the general level of work, the individuality and sincerity of a whole crowd of younger men and women whose names are entirely new to me.

The moderns are accused of giving way to two vices—the love of *boufade* and the relapse into academism. Both accusations are frequently justified, and generally the same people are guilty of both sins, however contradictory their nature appears at first sight. But on the whole how little of either there is here! What a high standard of emotional honesty this exhibition shows! and as a result what an extraordinary variety of presentments, what innumerable different visions, one can enjoy in this gallery! Great originality one can only expect about once in a century, so that it would be absurd to expect in these young artists the shock of an unforeseeable vision. There is no work that cannot be analysed into its constituent influences—so much of the general Cézanne tradition, such and such a dose of Rousseau, or of Derain (who once seemed derivative himself, but now takes his place as one of the definite centres of radiation), and so forth; but though we can analyse the constituents, the result is no mere mixture, but a new chemical compound brought about by the energy of some personal and individual imagination. Take Mlle. Halicka as an example. She makes no claim to great originality, she takes her goods where she finds them; from Derain something of the general scheme of design, the polarization, as it were, of his plasticity, with its stresses all in one direction; from Matisse the idea of oppositions of graded but unmixed colours; but the choice of material, the imaginative approach to life, the taste and sensibility are all her own, are in fact something new and individual. I think one could have guessed, for instance, that these pictures were done by a woman and by someone who was not French. But the main point is that being so unambitious, avoiding any pretence to be more than just what they are, Mlle.

Halicka's pictures are real works of art. I should have to describe in similar terms a great many young artists here whose names are new to me: Solà, whose landscapes keep something of the luminosity of impressionists like Sisley; Fournier, who realizes with an almost brutal solidity his sombre and menacing landscapes; Darcy—still-lives painted with almost student-like fidelity, and a landscape reminiscent of Cézanne and Marchand, but very individual in sentiment for all that; Ramsey, who has a curious quality like that of hand-woven carpets, and a strangely deliberate logic of colour-construction. Any one of these would make something of a sensation in an English exhibition, and here they pass unnoticed until one has exhausted the well-known names. I cite them first because they show how vital and inspiring the modern movement still is, what power it has to set free the expression of individual sentiment even among minor painters, and it is rather in its demonstration of this pleasing fact than for its *chefs-d'œuvre* that the present exhibition is so interesting.

I find that the artists I have mentioned are all more or less naturalistic. It is clear now that the modern movement is dividing into two main streams of influence—one which may be called Cubist, using the word in the vaguest and most generalized way; and the other Naturalist, though not of course the Naturalism of the nineteenth century. However much the Naturalists distort their vision, falsify perspective and change the proportions of objects, the general structure of their design is built on the appearances of our familiar three-dimensional space. The Cubists tend, on the other hand, to introduce at some point a complete break of connection between ordinary vision and the constructed pictorial vision. They may be highly realistic in detail, but internal necessities of design dictate the relations of the parts *de novo*, and not, as with the Naturalists, by a continued gradual distorting pressure upon the relations presented by ordinary vision. It is particularly interesting in the present exhibition to see two rather early works of Picasso in which the naturalistic origin of the vision is still clearly present, but in which the process of distortion and readjustment has gone so far that the next step (which Picasso was himself the first to take) is already indicated. The break having been once made and the idea of the construction of picture vision *de novo* having been once realized, a curious thing happened. It was seen that the complete break allowed the possibility of a new kind of literary painting. Ideas, symbolized by forms, could be juxtaposed, contrasted and combined almost as they can be by words on a page, and Futurism came into being. That this idea was seized on, perhaps originated, by a group of rather crude Italian journalists, and in all countries appealed to painters of a journalistic turn, has stigmatized this offshoot of Cubism. But now it would seem that it is returning to France to be taken up and explored by a very different type of mind. A number of pictures by Survae in the Mansard Gallery give one an idea of its possibilities in the hands of a man of refined and cultivated sensibility, a man who is not a journalist but a very up-to-date poet—and how much of modern literature is approximating to the same kind of relationship of ideas as Survae's pictures give us!

Just for the fun of testing my theory of these pictures, I will translate one of them into words; however clumsy a parody it may be, it will illustrate the point:

THE TOWN.

Houses, always houses, yellow fronts and pink fronts jostle one another, push one another this way and that way, crowd into every corner and climb into the sky; but however close they get together the leaves of trees push into their interstices, and mar the drilled decorum of their ranks; hard green leaves, delicate green leaves, veined all over with black lines, touched with rust between the veins, always more and more minutely articulated,

more fragile and more irresistible. But the houses do not despair, they continue to line up, precise and prim, flat and textureless; always they have windows all over them and insides, bannisters, cornices, friezes; always in their proper places; they try to deny the leaves, but the leaves are harder than the houses and more persistent. Between houses and leaves there move the shapes of men; more transient than either, they scarcely leave a mark; their shadows stain the walls for a moment; they do not even rustle the leaves.

I see, now that I have done it, that it was meant for Mrs. Virginia Woolf—that Survae is almost precisely the same thing in paint that Mrs. Virginia Woolf is in prose. Only I like intensely such sequences of ideas presented to me in Mrs. Virginia Woolf's prose, and as yet I have a rather strong distaste for Survae's visual statements. For all that, I feel the immense difference between this and the Italian use of a similar idea. It is possible that a place may be found, perhaps in illustration, for such a kind of literary picture. Of course Picasso himself has never become literary; indeed, in his Cubist work he is more purely plastic and less literary than he was in his early naturalistic days, and the main tradition of French Cubism remains severely formal. Braque, Juan Gris, Severini (who has returned from his Futurist venture to the classic fold), Maria Blanchard and all the rest, create forms which have no direct associations with ideas. Of this group the present exhibition hardly gives any idea. There are some charming and very accomplished essays by Marcussis, who follows Picasso's with little change, but with a personal taste of his own, and a Dutch artist who shows how rapidly the most revolutionary movements may be attacked by the parasite of academism.

I must leave to a second article the work of the well-known painters, but lest this article should give the false impression that the exhibition is made up entirely of the work of *les jeunes*, let me say that it contains examples of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Utrillo, Friesz, Lhôte, and such a show of de Vlaminck and Modigliani as has never before been seen in England.

ROGER FRY.

EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS. Special number of "The Studio." With articles by A. J. Finberg. Edited by Geoffrey Holme. ("Studio" Office. 7s. 6d. net.)—The water-colours reproduced in this special number of the "Studio" were exhibited in the spring of the present year at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries. There are some twenty-five Turners; a few Cozenses, Cotmans and Girtins; and specimens of the work of other artists, such as Sandby, Copley Fielding, Turner of Oxford, and Prout. The Turners belong to all periods of the painter's career. Two laborious drawings dating from his student days show him as a quite uninspired recorder of antiquarian details. But among the later sketches are to be found examples of his finest work. "The Valley of the Washburne" is as fine in its unemphatic way as the splendidly rhetorical painting of Worcester. Those who enjoy rich elegiac romanticism will admire "The Castle of Chillon," "Lake Nemi" and "The Mouth of the Grand Canal" (all admirably reproduced in colour); while "The Longships Lighthouse," so highly, perhaps too highly, praised by Ruskin, illustrates romanticism in its more dishevelled mood. Sandby, whose sketches of Windsor will be known to all who have had access to the too jealously guarded collection of drawings in the library of Windsor Castle, is represented by a delightfully sensible, straightforward little picture of the Swan Inn at Edmonton. In "The Villa Negroni," Cozens handles a very romantic theme with fine restraint. Girtin's drawing of Lincoln (Mr. Finberg in his introduction attributes it to De Wint) is one of the most pleasing of those reproduced in this volume. None of the Cotmans are particularly interesting; and among the other pictures reproduced the only one which we would single out is "Kingley Vale," by William Turner of Oxford, an admirable water-colour full of all those solid, unpretentious qualities which distinguish the best work of this artist. As a whole it is an interesting collection, as well from the artistic as from the historical point of view.

Music

COVENT GARDEN CLOSES

WHILE the war was dragging on and Covent Garden was stacked with furniture from the hotels which had been turned into ministries, many people were wondering whether we should ever see another season of cosmopolitan opera. A sort of race, one felt, was being run between Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Douglas Haig; it was a question whether the war would last long enough for English opera to establish itself in an absolutely impregnable position. As long as the war lasted there could be no Covent Garden Opera; but the longer the war continued the more difficult it became to carry on opera even in English. The end of the war left the question undecided. Covent Garden just managed to reopen in time for the season, and cosmopolitan opera has once more held the stage; but its tenure has not been quite so secure as in old days. This is not the first year in which English performances have invaded the Royal Opera; but the noteworthy event has been not the performance of an English work, but the performance of a Russian opera in English. In old days we had "Eugène Onegin" in Italian, and I can remember "Meistersinger" in Italian too. English operas were sometimes given, but more often in French or German than in the native language of their composers. The performance of "Prince Igor" in English marks the definite acceptance of English as an operatic language.

Considered as a whole, this year's has been a very poor season. It has shown us how impossible it is to make up a decent practical operatic repertory without Wagner, for Wagner has now passed into the region of established classics. Verdi might take his place, but not Puccini. It might have been perfectly possible to provide a most interesting season out of purely French and Italian operas. Where were "Falstaff," "Otello," "Mefistofele," "Pelléas et Mélisande" and many modern French operas which have never yet been seen in London? But these are works which demand not only good singers and actors but assiduous rehearsal, and assiduous rehearsal is what Covent Garden by the very nature of its methods cannot provide. It sets out to provide singers in the first place. Yet even by these standards it has been a poor season. Tenors have been unusually good, and, stranger still, they have been numerous. There have been a few good baritones and basses, principally French. But sopranos and contraltos have been grievously disappointing, with the single exception of that admirable artist Miss Mignon Nevada, whose appearances have been all too few.

The two great acquisitions of the season have been not singers, but a conductor and a scenic architect—Mr. Albert Coates and Mr. Hugo Rumbold. Mr. Coates has probably had a wider operatic experience than any other Englishman living. He is also a conductor who for pure musicianship, apart from stage experience, may be placed in the first rank. Covent Garden did well to secure him; but it was sad to see him condemned to do all the dreariest routine work—"Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Louise," etc. Only at the last did he have a chance of directing something worthy of his abilities—"Prince Igor." Meanwhile the two operas which required the most subtle and delicate conducting, Massenet's "Thérèse" and Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," were handed over to the grandfatherly care of Mr. Percy Pitt.

It would be too much to expect Covent Garden to launch out into new ideas in the matter of decoration. Even if it could attempt originality in scenery, I doubt whether singers of long-established reputation and figure would care to allow their persons to be made the subjects of

artistic experiment. Mr. Hugo Rumbold is an ideal decorator for Covent Garden, for his methods are very firmly rooted in conservative tradition. But it is the best kind of conservative tradition, the tradition with a history behind it, the grand Italian manner of Bibbiena and Piranesi. He approaches the stage not as a painter but as an architect. Such scenery as that provided by Derain and Picasso for the Russian Ballet disregards entirely any idea of creating an illusion of reality. Mr. Rumbold still clings to the conviction that stage scenery should look as if it were solid and stable. But he is animated by the spirit of the baroque, and his method is to take some definite architectural scheme and play with it, exaggerating or distorting it according to his humour, yet never losing sight of its fundamental principle. The ordinary problems of the stage are to him always architectural. It is obvious that he is determined to avoid using sky borders, with their annoying horizontal line of blue, or even ceiling-pieces. Hence such bold devices as the towering buildings in "Madame Angot" and "The Boatswain's Mate," with their openings through to the back under arches that support houses rising beyond the limit of the proscenium; hence his ingenious scene for "L'Heure Espagnole" which placed the watchmaker's shop in a sort of courtyard with a gallery running round it at the top. The weak point of Mr. Rumbold's scenery is its over-insistence on detail. This was particularly irritating in the Spanish scene; but perhaps it was the fault of a too careful scene-painter. He is at his best in the interior scene of "Madame Angot" and the ball-room scene of "Figaro."

So far Mr. Rumbold has applied himself only to comic operas, where his sense of humour finds scope in delightful and amusing exaggerations of style, both in architecture and in costume. We have yet to see what he can do in tragedy. If he can take his art seriously, he might achieve very wonderful results in operatic staging.

To abuse Covent Garden has become almost a convention. Yet I refuse entirely to be associated with those who would sweep away the whole system for which it stands. The error of Covent Garden has been in the assumption that audiences want star singers and nothing else. That may have been true a generation ago, but it is true no longer. We have absorbed Wagner into our systems for one thing, and that means an end to *diva*-worship even for people who, like myself, have a passionate devotion to old-fashioned Italian opera and to *coloratura* singing. Secondly, we have now become accustomed to a really high standard of opera in English. We do not insist on the English language any more than on operas by English composers, but we do maintain that foreign singers in foreign languages should uphold an English standard of clear diction and artistic co-operation, by which I mean that concentration of everybody on the stage, down to the humblest chorus singer or super, at every moment, on the opera itself, which makes a whole opera into one complete and harmonious ensemble.

At Berlin and Dresden there used to be periodical visits from some foreign celebrity such as Caruso, when operas were given for a week or so in Italian, or in as much Italian as the local company could raise between them. Covent Garden ought to be a succession of such *Gastspiele*, only carried out on a larger and completer scale. We do not want French singers singing Italian operas, or English singers singing French; but it ought to be possible, at certain times in the course of our hoped-for all-the-year-round season of first-class opera in English, to exhibit the best foreign operas, given not merely by the best individual foreign singers, but by the best *ensemble* of foreign singers. What was actually achieved in the case of the Russians might surely be possible for nations not so remote.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE July number of *The Musical Quarterly* (G. Schirmer, 2s. 6d.) is so full of interesting articles that it is not possible here to do justice to all of them. Mr. J. N. Burk and Mr. Lawrence Erb, writing respectively on "The Democratic Ideal in Music" and "Music in the Education of the Common Man," meet to some extent on common ground, and both are full of shrewd observations, although the general trend of Mr. Burk's paper is not too clear. Mr. Fuller Maitland contributes a timely appreciation of the late C. H. H. Parry; Mr. C. L. Buchanan writes of "The Unvanquishable Tchaikowsky" with an ardour that outruns discernment, and warns us that those who do not agree with him are of a temperament that is "academic" or "nurtured on prim and prosaic seclusions"; Mr. F. Corder, in the course of some amusing statistics on "Major versus Minor," hits on "the startling fact that the minor scale is quite antagonistic to good melody, as the reader may easily prove . . . by noting that his most admired themes are invariably major." What is startling is that a musician of Mr. Corder's standing should imagine such nonsense to be fact. Mr. Lindsay Norden's "Brief Study of the Russian Liturgy and its Music" is also of much interest, although the writer seems rather uncertain of his ground when discussing the ecclesiastical cadences. Mr. Sanders's "Counterpoint Revolutionized" and Mr. Von Sternberg's "Plagiarism" are vigorous and suggestive papers. We note that the plagiarist, in addition to the odium he already undergoes, will henceforward suffer that of being known as a "Plagiator." So horrid a punishment should quickly bring about the extinction of the species.

THREE PIECES BY HENRY PURCELL. Arranged for Violin and Piano by W. H. Reed. (Augener: 2s. 6d. net.)—Anything that is done to widen the knowledge of Purcell's music is to be commended, but this volume contains altogether too much arrangement and too little Purcell. The "Prelude" is supposed to be the "First Musick" from "Dioclesian"; but Mr. Reed has made free with the harmony and added a florid violin counterpoint in the middle section, while the restatement of the opening theme is given the form of a violin solo with double and treble stoppings—a concession to virtuosity that the shade of Purcell will hardly approve. The "Air for G string" is the song "If Love's sweet passion" from the "Faerie Queene." Here most of the harmony is pure Reed, and it is about as far as could be imagined from being an improvement on the original. Bars 17-20 are a peculiarly gross violation of good taste; the sliding progression of sevenths and ninths is one that Purcell could not have written if he would, and most emphatically would not if he could. Mr. Reed wrote to the press recently, deprecating (very justly) the fact that English musicians are never allowed to do things in their own way, but are always expected to follow the latest foreign fashion. Yet here is he showing us how nearly Purcell may be made to sound like Hugo Wolf!

IN connection with our recent note on the increase in the price of the standard French volume decided upon by a number of publishing houses, we note with pleasure that the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, itself a publishing house of great distinction and importance, takes a much saner view of the situation. It points out in its August number that it is manifestly unfair to double the price of all 3fr. 50 volumes, seeing that these vary very considerably in size—as the English buyer has often found to his cost—and in the number printed. Moreover, the price of paper is decreasing, though slowly.

On the other hand, the increase in the price of labour necessitates an increase in the price of books. Accordingly the policy of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* will be to fix the published price by the actual cost of production. Thus there will be no more of the confusing "majoration." Secondly, the sale of the first edition will be "regulated." Presumably this means that the actual first edition of a book will be sold by the publisher at an enhanced price, instead of being cornered by enterprising booksellers. We think that the French publishers will come to see the wisdom of his policy if the French book is to retain its eminence in the world market.

Drama

AN ICONOCLAST

MR. F. J. NETTLEFOLD, of the Scala Theatre, is an alarming breaker of idols. He rummages among the shelves where the "classics" of the nineteenth-century theatre lie in their dust—plays of which everybody knows the name and nobody the plot—drags one after another to light, gives a good enough performance of each to allow a work of any merit to reveal its qualities, and exposes the cruel truth that they none of them have any decent qualities at all. Conventions change in drama as in everything else, but it is always possible to be good or bad within the limits of your convention. Lytton is now shown up. In the "Lady of Lyons" he tried to bring off the Romantic drama of sentiment, and proved that he couldn't do it. The Romantic writer is always given a good many strokes. An impossible story, characters that are mere fountains of emotion, the soliloquy, however extravagant, the "aside," however exasperating—all these things are conceded, if only he can manage to hit our most elementary feelings somewhere. But this is just what the "Lady of Lyons" never does. Lytton was probably too sophisticated to follow successfully the steps of the naive melodramatist. He can hardly have believed himself in the troubles of the proud Pauline and Claude Melnotte, the gardener's son, and neither his art nor Mr. Nettlefold's can compensate for this lack of faith. In spite of the blank verse in which it is clothed, in spite of the Chopinesque melodies that accompany it from the orchestra, Claude's prophetic vision of the Crystal Palace as the only home for such love as his falls flat and cold. And when that outburst fails the play fails.

Its failure is not, perhaps, greatly enhanced by Mr. Nettlefold's own unfitness to embody this particular type of romantic lover, just as it is not averted by Mrs. Nettlefold's obvious ability to play romantic heroines like Pauline, if she only could bring herself to think it worth while. Miss Susie Vaughan gives the flavour of old traditions as Madame Deschappelles; while Miss Ethel Griffies, as the Widow Melnotte, tries the experiment of sincerity and restraint. She is crushed by the play, but she earns our gratitude.

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE has just brought out the first number of a periodical called *Drama* (Chatto & Windus, 2s. net), which is to be published every two months. It is intended not only to serve as the official organ of the League, but also to be read more generally as a serious magazine devoted to the theatre. The present issue contains several interesting articles. Mr. Montrose J. Moses, the secretary of the American Drama League, describes in a critical spirit the history of the so-called Little Theatre Movement in the United States. Mr. H. W. Leggett gives an account of the play-reading experiments among the munition workers at Crayford, in Kent. In an article illustrated with architectural drawings, Mr. R. S. Bowers discusses the best methods by which village institutes may be provided with halls suitable for dramatic performances. The most important paper, however, is one in which Mr. Granville Barker explains his methods of production. It is to be observed that Mr. Barker seems now to have definitely adopted the principles of Stanislavsky; to have been converted, that is to say, to what may be described as a republican system of production instead of the autocratic one to which he formerly inclined. The magazine promises well. What the theatrical worker requires, and cannot find in England, are articles dealing in a *terre-à-terre* fashion with the innumerable practical problems, whether complex or simple, which must be faced by every producer, whatever may be his particular style or tastes or ideals. If the editor of *Drama* provides material of this kind he will be doing an immense service to the theatre in England.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

Stratford-on-Avon, August 3, 1919.

THE Shakespeare Summer Festival opened at the Memorial Theatre on Saturday, August 2, with a really brilliant production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," under the direction of Mr. Bridges Adams.

The Festival this year has been organized by a joint Committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre and the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford.

Shortly before the war a fund was raised to build a National Theatre for the playing of Shakespeare on a site at the back of the British Museum. The war came, and the project had to be dropped for the time being. The Y.M.C.A. erected the well-known "Shakespearean Hut" on the site of the proposed theatre, but nothing further at the moment could be done towards the furtherance of Shakespeare's fame. After the Armistice, however, a sub-committee was convened, which proposed, pending the completion of the National Theatre, to form a company for Shakespearean work. The Governors of the Stratford Memorial Theatre were approached, and it was agreed that this company should begin its career with the Summer Festival at Stratford this year.

The company has been collected by Mr. Savery, a considerable feat, for Shakespearean actors do not, in Mr. Savery's phrase, grow on bushes. Most of the members of the present company have only recently been demobilized, and it was Mr. Savery's task to track them down and snap them up as soon as the army had disgorged them. Mr. Savery was formerly Sir Frank Benson's business manager, so he knew whom he wanted to find, but actually to find them has been a difficult undertaking.

The company assembled, Mr. Bridges Adams set to work to cram six months' work into six weeks. In this extremely short period he has rehearsed his company in six of Shakespeare's plays. Naturally he has not had much spare time in which to explain his methods to the curious, but as we raced from his lodgings to the theatre yesterday morning I was favoured with some such exposition of his views as follows: "I want as far as possible to play Shakespeare without cuts, and without transposing scenes, and without long intervals . . . lively, youthful . . . as far as possible unbowlerized . . . We give Juliet's great speech 'Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,' . . . hardly ever given before. Not, however, a fanatical adherent of no cuts." As I had attended two dress rehearsals, and had been somewhat puzzled as to the principle on which certain passages were rejected and others retained, I asked him how a certain passage had escaped pruning. "It's so delightful," he replied, simply.

It is, then, in this joyful spirit that Mr. Bridges Adams has worked, and last night he received the first instalment of his reward. The play, "The Merry Wives," went well from the start, and finished magnificently. All Falstaff's tormentors had danced triumphantly off, and the old rogue stood there, somewhat forlorn for once, under the oak where the make-believe fairies had pinched him black and blue. Suddenly two of the imps came dancing back, each took a hand of Falstaff's, and the knight tripped lumberingly off. It was a charming effect and almost reconciled one to the indignities inflicted on him by Shakespeare at Queen Elizabeth's bidding—"folly doctor-like controlling skill."

The applause was sustained for some minutes. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson came forward and congratulated the company on its admirable start, and Mr. Bridges Adams, in reply, hinted a hope that the audience would support him throughout with the same enthusiasm.

That they will do so seems certain. Mr. Adams is supported by a most admirable company. The dress rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet" delighted me even more than the performance of "The Merry Wives." Mr. Basil Rathbone as Romeo, and Mr. Murray Carrington as Mercutio, were both really excellent, and Miss Joyce Carey is the ideal Juliet, in emotion and in appearance.

The secret of the success which was achieved last night, and which will no doubt be repeated at each performance, was summed up in a remark I heard to-day: "It was all done so naturally, and it's so hard to do Shakespeare naturally."

H. K. L.

Communications
SLANG IN WAR-TIME.

THE soldier's words were always expressive and to the point; he called aeroplanes "buses," anti-aircraft guns "Archies," shells from Minenwerfer "Minnies"; and he gave nicknames to the Overseas troops, as "Aussies," "Diggers," or "Dincums" for Australians; "Yanks" or "Sammies" for Americans ("Doughboy" for American infantryman); "Chinks" for Chinese labourers; "Gypos" for Egyptians; and "Pork and Beans" for Portuguese. The German was known by several names, as "Jerry," "Fritz," "Sausage," and "Square-head." A bayonet was rarely referred to as such, but was a "toothpick," "persuader," or "toasting-fork," while the shrapnel helmet was invariably a "tin hat," and "to put the tin hat on it" is possibly derived from the habit of trying to catch or kill rats in the trenches by throwing a steel helmet at or over the vermin—"to ki-bosh it." The infantryman's pack was his "Charlie," his haversack was a "Young" or "Little Charlie," and his bed was termed a "kip." Mules were "donks"; and hand-grenades were often referred to as "Ticklers," from improvised bombs having been made from Tickler's jam tins. Anything supplied by the Army was an "issue," and when "gyppo" or "grease" was asked for at mealtimes, gravy or butter (?) was meant. When a man was "run in" the guardroom he was in "clink" or in "moosh," and when doing C.B. or "time" he was doing "jankers" or "Paddy Doyle." Many words and phrases in common Army use were merely corruptions, &c., of foreign words heard by the soldier. A "wallah" (Hindustani *wala*) is a fellow, and a "pukka-wallah" is a dandy or fine fellow, and a "loosewallah" a bad one or thief. The use of "char" for tea also comes from India (*cha*, tea). Everyone will have heard of "strafing" and also "souvenir," the latter usually meaning anything stolen, or "won." "Cum-sah" (*comme ça*) or "ujah" was used instead of "what's-its-name?" and for "it doesn't matter" we have the phrase "St. (or San) Mary Anne" (*sans faire rien*). When engaged in games of an illegal, though sporting, character, a "bubbly" is employed whose duty it is to tout, or to keep watch while the game is in progress. If anyone starts fault-finding or "chewing the fat," he is immediately "ticked off," and sometimes "pulped" or beaten. "The doings" is an expressive phrase used to denote any place where anything is going on. The great use of jam in the Army caused a deal of "grousing" or grumbling, and also originated a number of phrases, such as "money for jam" (money for nothing), and "having jam on it" (*i.e.*, something nice and easy, a "cushy" job). If a man is boring or tiresome, he is said to "put dots on one," and he is usually told to "put a jerk in it," or to smarten up. To "knock the end in" is to spoil the whole show, and if a man is found out or put *hors de combat* by some sally he is "shot up the back." When a man gets to know another and is able to size him up, then he is said to have the other "taped off" or has "got him in line," and then proceeds to "mark time on him" or go cautiously and keep him in suspense if anything underhand is discovered. One who is absent or missing is "on the wire," and is soon on "the peg" (under arrest) or "for the jumps" (up for trial). To evade duty, or get clear, you "put your skates on," and when told to "imshi" you must get out of the way pretty quickly. The soldier who was troubled with lice was "chatty," and he was usually "fed up" or satiated with life ("fed up" was first used in the Boer War). A man who was nervous was "windy" or had the "wind up," or "suffered from cold feet," and many men were "creased" or laid out (fainted) on parade. Anyone who bought favours was said to be "crawling," "creeping," or "squaring," and a pessimist was invariably a "moaner." A "wash-out" for a complete failure is very familiar, and the Army use of "sweating" as getting warm or close, or in high hopes, is derived from the game of "house," where a man is sweating when only one off winning. This game provides many slang terms for numbers, as, "Kelly's eye" (one), "the doctor" (nine), "clickety-click" (sixty-six), and "top of the house" (ninety). A "gasper" is a cheap cigarette, an "old sweat" an old soldier, and "stagger-juice" any form of intoxicating liquor. A man is "rumbled" when he is disturbed or annoyed;

or, again, the Medical Officer "rumbles" a man when he finds him out as a malingerer, &c., or when the soldier tries to "spruce" (deceive). "Chancing his mit" means risking a great deal, or playing a losing hazard; a "gutser" is the last straw, and it is when everything seems to be going wrong that the soldier turns to sarcasm and says, "Well, we're winning." Anything complimentary is termed "eyewash"; and "drum up" is explained by "I've some sugar. If you get some tea and hot water we'll have a drum up."

The work done by the various regiments also earned nicknames, as, R.E. Signallers (the Buzzers), R.E. Field Co. (Wirepullers and Mudlarks), Machine Gun Corps (Suicide Club), R.A.M.C. (Poultice Wallahs or Swallowers, Linseed Lancers, and Rob all my comrades). A man on searchlight work was on the "pictures" or "movies."

ARCHIBALD SPARKE.

Correspondence

OUR INACCESSIBLE HERITAGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Others than myself will assuredly be grateful to the Oxford University Press for the illuminating letter in THE ATHENÆUM of last week. If the publishers would take the public into their confidence, much would be gained. It might even be possible to organize in advance a body of subscribers for any reprints which the Oxford University Press may be contemplating. And surely, if it were once made clear that the publisher suffers a definite loss by issuing an admirable volume such as the Oxford Marlowe (which is the very ideal of the volumes I desiderate), the case for a Government subsidy would appear overwhelming.

On my part I have to apologize to the Oxford University Press for my failure to mention this edition of Marlowe, *honoris causa*. On their part there seems to have been a not very intelligible misunderstanding of my demand. When I said that we do not want a splendid edition like the Cambridge Beaumont and Fletcher, I certainly did not mean (and did not expect that I should be interpreted as meaning) that we do not want well-edited editions. I meant that an expensive edition in many volumes costing several pounds was useless to those readers on whose behalf I was pleading.

Further, I stick to my point that Elizabethan prose is accessible only in scraps. Everyone who has merely a nodding acquaintance with Elizabethan literature knows the enormous importance of the Elizabethan translations, to take only a single department of Elizabethan prose. Of these, the only one accessible to the man with an ordinary income is Florio's Montaigne. If the Oxford University Press has any use for a list of Elizabethan prose works which should, in my opinion, be reprinted I shall be happy to supply it.

Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The letter in to-day's issue from Mr. Chapman of the Clarendon Press answers the questions raised by your original contributor, and he and other correspondents have shown "that there is no ground for the view that the public has had insufficient opportunity of showing its appreciation of the English Classics."

I have (and had when your article appeared) Buxton Forman's "Keats" in stock, and was grieved in my pride in my calling when I read that several booksellers had told your contributor that it was out of print. I keep (as all booksellers do, I suppose) the "Everyman," "World's Classics," "Bohn's Popular," "Muses' Library"; but the point is that the classics contained in them do not sell largely; and until literary taste is more cultivated by Englishmen than it is to-day, they will not sell largely. I refer, of course, particularly to the books that have been mentioned in the article and the correspondence. How many sets of "Hakluyt," I wonder have been sold in England by Mr. Dent in his "Everyman" series? And it won't do simply to ask *him* for the answer, because some booksellers, like myself, may have bought them from him—and not sold them!

The bookish man—often not rich in this world's goods—

longs often for these classics; and he can get them for the greater part. But the "bookman" is a minority of the British public. I am very sorry that it is so, but the fact must be faced. So we come back to Mr. Chapman. Except the University Presses, publishers are bound to ask whether there is a public big enough to justify the cost of issue. The Universities do nobly in providing well-edited and collated texts, often at a reasonable price; but even they cannot do more than so much in a given year. And Mr. Chapman suggests that what they do in that way meets with very small sale—and I can quite believe him.

I do not despair. I am a believer in the saving power of "the remnant," whether of Israel or of England. There is salt, and it has not lost its savour and it saves from decay. I am thankful when I sell a good book or a great book, and the hint I give to my fellow-bookseller is that he should take every opportunity to induce his customers to choose the best instead of the worst. If he tries, he will be as often pleased with his success as disappointed at his failure. I have tried it, and I know.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY B. SAXTON.

King Street, Nottingham,
August 1, 1919.

DEATH-MASKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR—I hope you will permit me to supplement my letter on the mask of Mrs. Siddons, which appeared in THE ATHENÆUM of July 18, by a few more notes.

Laurence Hutton, in *Harper's* for November, 1892, concluded three most interesting articles on "A Collection of Death-Masks." The death-mask of Napoleon is the most important of those that he discusses. The Corsican was one of a remarkably handsome family. Madame de Rémusat, who hated all the Buonapartes like poison, was forced to admit that she had never seen a more beautiful woman than Pauline. In looking at the death-mask one can well believe that this was Pauline's brother, plus the demonic power that made him for so many years the astonishment and terror of the civilized world. In profile the impression is one of extraordinary power and beauty; one sees here Taine's terrible *condottiere*, "the posthumous brother of Dante and Michelangelo." The full face is rather uncanny, not beautiful in the usual sense of the word, but this is because in that tropical climate decay had set in, and only the bone and cartilages have retained their nobility of form and race. Frédéric Masson, in "Autour de Ste. Hélène," pp. 140-41, records that on the morning after death the features had returned to the classical beauty of his prime, the hero of the miraculous Italian campaign who inspired Beethoven's "Symphonie Heroica," but there was then no plaster available for a cast. It was not till two days later that Dr. Francis Burton, the uncle of Sir Richard Burton, with powdered gypsum, took the famous cast stolen by Antommarchi, and usually known by his name. M. Masson says that a mask in papier mâché was taken soon after death, and that this is now in Italy in the possession of a Count Pasolini. In Seeley's "Short History of Napoleon" a picture, reduced from a woodcut in the *Illustrated London News*, is given of a wax mask taken the morning after death. It was brought to England in 1855, and is quite different with its closed mouth from the Burton cast, in which the lips are slightly open. Information as to its present locale is desirable.

There are death-masks of Cromwell and Frederick the Great, and two masks of Beethoven—one in life, the latter in death. The former is well known, and can be bought in bronze and plaster. There is a life-mask of Goethe—I possess a profile photograph of this—and in P. Wislicenus's "Shakespeare Death-Mask" book a full-face view is given; but it is disappointing—not so fine as many of the pictorial portraits. The face is old, somewhat puffy, and tired. The profile impression is more pleasing, but has not the demonic power of the Dante and Napoleon masks. Not that I mean to depreciate Goethe, whom I revere as an encyclopædic man, "a sea of wisdom," to borrow Dante's symbol for Virgil; but on comparing this mask with that of Dante one feels that the Italian was the greater poet. I have read that Tennyson once observed that Goethe's face, compared with Dante's, lacked something—"the divine."

I hope that some day a room in one of our museums will be devoted to reproductions (in bronze, preferably) of all known masks of the great and famous. The death-masks of Robespierre and of Marat are interesting, and the mask of Lenin, whatever one may think of him, would assuredly be a valuable document. Yours, etc., H. M.

SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—Perhaps you can find room for the following miscellaneous examples:

"To come the old soldier," used for "to pull one's leg," also for "to malingering," or to avoid work.

"Body-snatchers," stretcher-bearers.

"Gor-blimey," a soft service cap.

"Wash-out," for a failure or a fiasco, from its use for a clean sheet in range-firing; probably a pre-war word.

"To click" seems wrongly explained by Dr. Baker. I think it is derived from the use by drill-sergeants—"come to 'shun with a click." Hence to "click for fatigue" is to "come in for" a fatigue duty at the psychological moment, as if by machinery. "We've clicked" for "we're all right" is, I believe, the later use.

To the examples of army French may be added: "I don't *pense*," for "I don't think"; "Bombardier Fritz," a humorous version of the popular *pommes de terre frites*; "bon" and "no bon," as terms of approval or the reverse; "après la guerre," which became Tommy's term for the "Greek Kalends"; "napoo-feeneesh," for "all finished," usually of food or drink; and "beaucoup zigzag," somewhat inebriated. Many of these were concocted between the Tommies and the keepers of estaminets.

A variant for "sling the bat" (speak the lingo) is "spin the bat," perhaps from some confusion with spinning the bat for innings in cricket.

A variant for "You've clicked for fatigue" is "You're for it," which may be called a "pregnant construction."

There is a variety of army terms for malingering or avoiding work. "To swing the lead," shortened to "swinging it," is well known, and comes probably from the navy; "dodging the column" is used chiefly of men who fall out on the march, malingering to get a lift in the transport—hence of "dodging fatigues"; and "sprucing it," like "coddling," and one sense of "swanking it," is used of deception in general.

In the same way there are many terms for grumbling or grouching. "Creating" is presumably an abbreviation of "creating (or making) a fuss"; "to have a rear-up" and "to have a moan" (or simply "to moan") are forcible expressions used often of a group of men audibly airing a collective grievance; "wittering" (in a sense something between "grumbling" and "snivelling") is a dialect word which I have heard only among South Yorkshire troops.

The term "tart" for a lady friend of a certain kind is common (from, of course, "sweet-heart"); but "square-tack," for the same sort of person, is an etymological puzzle.

A curious term used by a Tommy, in "explaining" his deficiencies of kit, is "Someone knocked it off" for "Someone pinched (or made away with) it."

The following are, I believe, pre-war terms taken over by the new armies: "To have a kip" and "to get down to it" for "to have a sleep"; "telling off," used first for numbering sections, etc., in drill, then for reprimanding or "ticking off"; "in the nick" for "put in the guard-room"; and "a bit too brassy" for "a bit too much inclined to show off."

It is worth noticing that the soldier going on short leave speaks usually of "going on pass"; sometimes, however, of "going on leaf." Why in this phrase (nowhere else) the voiceless *f* is substituted for voiced *v* in "leave" is a mystery to me.

Finally, to the terms composed of initials we may add "N.B.G.," which in many units (I can vouch for the "U.P.S.," the University and Public Schools Brigade, Royal Fusiliers) was used for the opposite of "O.K.," the full form was, of course, "No b—y good."

In conclusion, may I suggest that anyone who thinks of compiling a dictionary of army slang, 1914-18, will find the various regimental periodicals published during the war quite indispensable? Much may be gleaned, for example, from the *Pow-wow* and the *Gaspar* (itself named from the army

name for a Wills's Gold Flake cigarette), which were the "unofficial organs" of the "U.P.S." Brigade, and have been collected in three volumes.

Yours faithfully, R. W. KING.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—The expression "Put a sock in it," meaning "Leave off talking, singing or shouting," should be included in the lists of "Slang in War-Time."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

August 4, 1919.

A. CAMERON SHORE.

THE STATUE OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—A paragraph in your issue of July 18 refers to the disappearance, about 1810, of the sword from the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross.

A more recent, and hitherto unexplained, abstraction is that of the scroll from the statue of James II. behind the Admiralty. The effect is to make the forefinger of the right hand look disproportionately long. I suppose, by the way, that it is too much to hope that that painful satire on English classical education, the elementary mistake in the Latin inscription on the statue, will be put right at last; or that anyone will ever take the trouble to have the bow (or what is left of it) on the Piccadilly Circus statue turned the right way round.

Yours, etc., PRECISIAN.

TRAINING FOR ART CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the fact that there is to be a course in journalism at London University, may I plead for a part of this to be set aside for training art critics and critics of music? A Chair of Art Criticism is indeed badly needed; but if it is included in the journalist's course, this might be all one could expect.

Hoping that some attention may be paid to this request

Yours faithfully,

July 28, 1919.

AMELIA DEFRIES.

WARWICKSHIRE RECORDS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—It has been suggested that a society (to be called the Dugdale Society) should be formed for the publication of manuscript material throwing light on the history, topography and antiquities of the county of Warwick. Though there is a vast mass of unprinted matter of the highest importance in various public and private collections, Warwickshire is far behind other counties in making its ancient records accessible to the general reader. It is requested that anyone interested in this matter who would assist in the formation of such a society should communicate with one of the undersigned:

M. DORMER HARRIS,

16, Gaveston Road, Leamington.

FREDK. C. WELLSTOOD,

Shakespeare's Birthplace,

Stratford-upon-Avon.

MISQUOTATIONS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—In his article on Rostand in your issue of July 25, T. S. E. makes altogether seven quotations. Of these three are given correctly, namely, "Honest honest Iago," "The barge she sat in," and the three lines from "Coriolanus." The remaining four passages contain fifty-three words, out of which one in every seven is wrongly quoted:—

(1) Dost thou not feel me, Rome, not yet? lies night
So heavy on thee, and my shade so light

For "lies" read "is"; for "shade" read "weight."

(2) Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon has built his everlasting mansion
Beyond the beached verge of the salt flood.

For "has built" read "hath made"; for "Beyond" read "Upon."

(3) Prithee undo this button.

For "prithee" read "pray you."

(4) And likewise say that at Aleppo once.

For "likewise say" read "say besides"; for "at" read "in."

Yours faithfully,

J. S.

Foreign Literature

TURENNE THE MAN

LES DERNIÈRES ANNÉES DE TURENNE, 1660-1675. Par Camille Georges Picavet, Docteur-ès-Lettres. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 7fr. 50.)

TURENNE is not the soldier of fiction or the soldier of romance. He is the soldier of solid fact, with all the soldierly qualities of restraint, and modesty, and sincerity, and simple religion. Thus it is that Dr. Picavet now shows him to us, in the last fifteen years of his life, with a great deal of new illustrative detail. "Les Dernières Années de Turenne" is a book which makes a real addition to knowledge, without ostentation or prejudice, and with little of the attractiveness of style so characteristic of the French historian: a good sound book for the soldier and the student of diplomacy to learn from.

Voltaire's judgment, in the main, is not superseded, or likely to be. He says, in a well-known passage, that Turenne

never made great and celebrated conquests, nor ever gained those striking and important victories by which nations are subjugated; but having always repaired his defeats and done a great deal with a little, he was regarded as the greatest general in Europe at a time when the art of war was more studied and better understood than ever before.

To this Dr. Picavet is able to add a good deal of new testimony to his services as a diplomatist and his character as an honest man. We take up the great general's career, in this book, when the changes and perplexities of his earlier life were over. Mazarin, to whom he had been a trusted counsellor as well as a heaven-sent general, was in 1661 at the point of death. The personal government of Louis XIV. had begun. There can be no doubt that Turenne was profoundly influenced by the Grand Monarque: Louis was not only an important agent in his change of religion, but a prominent influence in his intellectual development. Turenne was a born student: he had the persistence, the power of growth, which belong to the man to whom reading and thinking are the great pleasures of life, whether in war or art or religion. From 1660 his life became richer, more original, more genial in companionship, more brilliant in success. He died learning. Unlike the Great Condé or the subtle Retz, whose powers declined if they did not actually decay, his military talent developed: the Alsatian campaigns, and particularly that great one in the winter, were masterpieces of strategy. His political capacity became evident, and he was a wise and prudent advisor of the autocrat, too many of whose counsellors were neither prudent nor wise. His religious convictions matured: his conscience revolted from Calvinism: his practical sense showed him that the Anglicanism of his chaplain, the notable Daniel Brevint, could not in France combine the Catholicism of the past with the Protestant rejection of Rome, and the influence of Jansenism led him almost insensibly into the Gallican Church. It is interesting to note the name of Arnauld as significant during the period of religious indecision, side by side with that of Bossuet; and the doctrine of the Sacrament as the pivot of the change. The conversion was a great surprise to his contemporaries, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that it was absolutely sincere.

It is through the careful exposition of his moral and religious principles, of his political action in the days of Fouquet and Colbert—made immortal, in spite of the historians, by the fantastic genius of Alexandre Dumas—of his connection with Louvois and Le Tellier, of his court life between 1668 and 1672, that new light is thrown

on Turenne the man. In truth, he had little of the outward brilliancy of the typical French general: he was not at all like the unsuccessful Duc de Richelieu or the successful marshals of Napoleon: he belonged to the succession which has given us Foch and Joffre. Trusted by the King, at least tolerated by the ministers, he was adored by the soldiers.

L'amour et la vénération que les troupes avaient toujours eus pour lui, nous dit Langlade, s'étaient beaucoup augmentés dans ses dernières campagnes. "Turenne n'a point seulement pour lui sa réputation de général de plus en plus heureux à mesure qu'il vieillit."

And this growth of affection kept pace with the development of the man's character. He became at once more serious and more approachable. Light loves and light political adventures were thrown aside. He proved himself serious in religion and in administration. He reformed the army—has ever any army more often been reformed than the French? He threw himself into the King's diplomacy. He ceased to care about play; he found his diversion rather in the theatre, which has never been greater in literature or influence than in the days of Louis Quatorze. He showed himself personally retiring, ceremonially assertive. Saint-Simon speaks of him as

singulièrement modeste sur les grandes qualités jusqu'à l'affectation, suprêmement glorieux, délicat et attentif sur sa prétendue qualité de prince, et le cachant toutefois sous une simplicité d'habits, de meubles et d'équipages dont l'ombre faisait sortir davantage le tableau.

Mme. de Sévigné is a more trustworthy witness, and she found everything about the great general, alive or dead, vastly, and deservedly, interesting. But she idealized him, as clever women have always idealized great generals. It was the idealization of genius: the poor, the peasants through whose mourning ranks passed his funeral procession, idealized him too. And the ballad-makers saw, through the idéalization and the idolatry, the simple, half-disappointing figure of the man himself:

Pour moi je suis tenté de dire,
Moi qui t'ai vu le sabre en main,
Plus fier que le Dieu Mars, faire trembler l'Empire,
Est-ce-là ce héros que tout l'été j'admire,
Timide, embarrassé, quand il voit Saint Germain,
Ou faut-il que l'hiver dans le siècle où nous sommes
Les grands héros soient faits comme les autres hommes?

It is just because Turenne was made like other men that he is so attractive. The real winner of success in the Dutch war, the genius who surmounted the difficulties of Alsace, the strong man who withstood Louvois to the face, was an honest, steady, quiet gentleman, a follower of Church and King, sincere in his homage to both, not a self-seeker, but a man whose one talent became worth more than ten. He belonged to a great age, yet an age which seems to us now an age of *poseurs*, bewigged, bedizened, strutting in complacency. His real face, his genuine character, peeps now from under the great wig. Louis XIV., if all his servants had been like Turenne, would have left a very different fame behind him—would perhaps have prevented, instead of accelerating, the Great Revolution of his country. The times seem far enough away in all conscience. History certainly does not repeat itself. But when we see through the curtain and discover the real Turenne, we know that the great factor in human history, the essential character of men, does not change.

W. H. H.

DR. HERBERT SMITH, formerly Lecturer in German in the University of Glasgow, has been appointed to the William Jacks Chair of Modern Languages in that University. Dr. Smith has for twelve years conducted the German department at Glasgow with conspicuous success. He is shortly to publish a comprehensive work on Goethe in English literature.

THE DUTCH IN SPITSBERGEN

THE DUTCH DISCOVERY AND MAPPING OF SPITSBERGEN (1596-1829). By Dr. F. C. Wieder. (Amsterdam, Netherland Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Royal Dutch Geographical Society.)

HERE is a strange fascination in the thought that only 350 miles from Norway, and little more than 1,300 from Aberdeen, a group of islands exists which has not only never been inhabited, but is still a *terra nullius*, thanks largely no doubt to the jealousy of the Great Powers. Our practical forbears early recognized that a permanent settlement was the most effective of all claims, and in 1617 the Muscovy Company obtained a licence from the Czar to send "certain of his subjects called Lappes" to dwell upon Spitsbergen with sundry English, since they came from "a very cold clymate and a barraine soyle." We hear nothing more of the licence, but the company was not easily balked and tried to bribe men to winter there. When this plan also failed, it secured permission to offer a reprieve to some condemned criminals if they would winter on Spitsbergen. They were to have ample supplies and to be richly rewarded on their return. They consented readily, but when the moment arrived for their being left behind, they chose to return and be hanged rather than face the unknown terrors of an Arctic winter. Whalers of the principal nations who frequented these shores in the great days of the whaling industry, the hunters who succeeded them and the miners of to-day have all, of course, wintered there in small numbers, but the islands have never been regularly settled. Holland, England and Denmark have in turn laid claim to Spitsbergen, but their claims have all long since lapsed. Now, however, that the development of its mineral resources has begun in earnest, it is to be hoped that the Peace Conference will put an end to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs and complete the task undertaken by the congress which was compelled to dissolve on the outbreak of the war.

There is ample room for a good book on Spitsbergen as it is to-day, though perhaps it would gain by being delayed till after the return of the present expeditions thither. Dr. Wieder does not attempt to give us anything of this kind, but the appearance of his work is peculiarly timely. It hardly seemed possible that subsequent research could add anything of importance to our knowledge of Spitsbergen cartography after the material collected in Sir Martin Conway's "No Man's Land." No one, of course, doubted that the group was discovered by Barents or that the Dutch claims to have worthily followed in his footsteps by taking the lead in exploration till the beginning of the nineteenth century were amply substantiated, though Spitsbergen appears to have been known already to the Russians under the name of Grumant. Yet here is Dr. Wieder coming forward with an armful of 300 old maps, many of them admirably reproduced in his book, as against Sir Martin Conway's 56, and apparently making it highly probable that the Dutch were always the pioneers, even between 1611 and 1622, when the English were thought to have led the way.

Sir M. Conway is inclined to refuse Barents's companion Rijp the credit of having circumnavigated the group. But the most important of all Dr. Wieder's discoveries, Plancius's globe, dating from 1612, tends to confirm the belief that he did so; and the evidence suggests that Hope Island was known to the Dutch at least two years earlier than to the English. Even the Seven Islands may well have come within the ken of these early Dutch sailors. Yet it was long held that Spitsbergen was a part of Greenland, and once the early days of exploration were over and whaling was securely established, there is a distinct falling back in the information contained on the

maps.* Possibly the Dutch cartographers represented only the coasts that were visited annually by their whaling fleets. Owing to the comparative shallowness of the sea round Spitsbergen, the ice-pack undoubtedly prevented the north-eastern shores from being accessible every year. Or the directors of the Noordsche Company may have refused to allow much of the information they possessed to appear on the printed maps. Thus Carolus himself omitted his own discoveries (which duly appear on his manuscript chart) from his printed map of 1634. About this time the Muscovy Company is known to have sent a pinnacle on exploring expeditions every year, but the English charts are so bad that Sir M. Conway can only suppose that its directors also kept their information to themselves.

The flourishing Dutch settlement at Smerenburg decayed rapidly when the whales left the coast. The whaling had then to be carried on in the open sea. Spitsbergen was still frequently visited by Dutch whalers, but only to refit and clean ship. Yet the Dutch maps continue to improve steadily, and they are always valuable because they contain only observed facts, unadulterated by the hand of the learned geographer. They culminate in the map of Giles and Rep early in the eighteenth century.

The Dutch were followed by Russian and then by Norwegian trappers, who have now in their turn almost entirely disappeared, owing to the scarcity of fur animals and reindeer. It is sincerely to be regretted that the Dutch have allowed themselves to drop out altogether from Spitsbergen, instead of taking their places once more by our side as our good rivals in the third stage of its development, as they did during the first.

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

X.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

May 4, Luka.

YOU write that I have become lazy. This does not mean that I am any lazier than I was. I work now as much as I did four or five years ago. To work or to appear to be working from nine o'clock in the morning until lunch-time, and from the evening tea until I go to bed, has become a habit with me: in that respect I am like a clerk. If, however, my work does not yield two stories a month or ten thousand roubles annual income, then it's not my laziness which is to blame, but my psychico-organic qualities: I do not love money sufficiently to make a success of medicine, and for literature I lack passion, and talent too. In me the fire burns even and calm, without flashes and crackling; hence it does not happen that in one night I dash off three or four folios [a folio=sixteen pages], or that, fascinated with my work, I do not go to bed when I feel sleepy. And so I accomplish neither remarkably foolish things nor especially wise ones.

I am afraid that in this respect I am very like Goncharov, whom I don't like, and who is miles above me in talent. I haven't enough passion; add to this a kind of psychosis: without rhyme or reason, for the last two years I have got to dislike seeing my work published. I'm indifferent to criticism, to discussions on literature, to gossip, to success, to failure, to high prices—in a word, I have just gone stupid. There is a sort of stagnation in my soul. I explain it by a stagnation in my physical life. I am not disappointed, or tired, or depressed, but somehow everything is suddenly less interesting. I must take a dose of gunpowder.

The first act of my "Wood-Demon" is ready: think of that! It has turned out all right, but too long.

feel much stronger than when I wrote "Ivanov." The play will be ready about the beginning of June. Managers, please note! Five thousand roubles are mine. It's an awfully strange play, and it's a wonder to me that such strange things come from my pen. My only fear is that the censorship will not pass it. I am also at work on the novel which is more sympathetic to me and nearer my heart than the "Wood-Demon," in which I have to play tricks and act the fool.

Yesterday I remembered that I have promised to write a one-act play for Varlamov [a famous actor]. I wrote it to-day and sent it off. Observe what a harvest! And you write that I have become lazy.

To F. O. SKEKHTEL.

June 18, 1889.

Yesterday, the 17th of June, Nicolay died of consumption; He lies in his coffin now and looks most beautiful. The Kingdom of Heaven be his, and may you, his friend, have health and happiness!

Your

A. TCHEHOV.

To A. N. PLESHTCHEYEV.

June 26, Luka.

How do you do, my dear, beloved Alexey Nicholayevitch? Your letter arrived on the ninth day after Nicolay's death, when we all began to return to our normal life. I shall answer it now, for I feel that normal life is indeed returned, and now nothing prevents me from corresponding punctually with you.

The poor artist is dead. In Luka he melted away like ice, and I had not a single moment when I was free from the consciousness of the approaching catastrophe. It was impossible to say when Nicolay was going to die, but it was clear to me that he would not last. The end happened like this: Svobodin came to stay here as my guest. Availing myself of the arrival of my elder brother, who would take my place, I decided to have a rest, to breathe a different air for a few days; so I induced Svobodin and the Lintvariovs to join me, and we went off together to the Poltava district to see the Smagnins. My punishment for leaving was that there was such a wind, such a gloomy sky as would suit a Siberian tornado. Half-way there it began to pour with rain. We arrived at night, wet, cold; we went off to cold beds, and fell asleep to the sound of cold rain. Next morning, the same disgusting weather. Never in my life shall I forget the muddy road, the grey sky, the tears on the trees; I say, I never shall forget, because that morning a peasant arrived from town bringing me a wet telegram: "Nicolay dead." You can imagine my feelings. I had to rush off by horse to the railway station, then by railway, and each time I had to change there was a wait of eight hours. In Romny I waited from seven o'clock in the evening until two in the morning. From utter weariness I went for a ramble in the town. I remember sitting in the square; it was dark, most awfully cold, hellishly boring, and behind a dingy wall, near by, some actors were rehearsing a melodrama.

At home I found sorrow. Our family has not known death before, and it was the first time we have had a coffin in the house.

The artist's funeral went off well. We carried him on our hands with church banners, etc. He was buried in the village cemetery under flowery grass; his cross can be seen far away in the fields. He seems to lie there very snugly.

I shall probably go away. Where to? I do not know. The Lintvariovs are well. They are superb creatures. Each day they become more and more themselves. I wonder how far they will go. In generosity and loving-kindness they have no equals in all the Kharkov district. The Smagnins are well, and they, too, are—perfection itself.

My sister thanks you for your greetings, and asks me to return them. Mother too. And I kiss and embrace you, and wish you all happiness. Keep happy and well.

Your

A. TCHEHOV.

To A. N. PLESHTCHEYEV.

September 14, 1889, Moscow.

May thunder and may the teeth of crocodiles fall on the heads of your enemies and creditors, my dear and well-beloved Alexey Nicholayevitch! Having presented you with this Oriental and grandiose salutation I proceed to answer your letter. To Anna Michailovna's letter [Mme. Yevreyinov, editor of the *Syeverny Vvestnik*] I replied begging her to let me have until the November number. She replied as follows: "Let it be as you wish. We'll postpone it, then." You will understand all the value and charm of that answer if you picture to yourself Mr. Tchegov writing, sweating, correcting and realizing that, in spite of all the revolutionary disturbances and terrors which his story is suffering under his pen, it's not a ha'porth better. I am not writing; I am engrossed in spiritual weariness. In such a mood, you will agree, it is not quite easy to have to hurry one's work for publication.

There are not two moods in my story ["The Tedious Story"], but fifteen at least; it is quite possible that you will call it, too, a piece of patchwork. It is a patchwork, indeed. But I flatter myself that you will see in it two or three characters interesting to any intelligent reader; you will find in it a couple of new situations. I flatter myself with the hope, too, that my patchwork will create a certain stir, and will cause the enemy to blaspheme.

As regards Korolenko, it is premature to come to any conclusions about his future. He and I are at present at that point when Fate decides whether to let us rise or fall. Fluctuations are perfectly natural. Even a temporary stagnation is possible in the order of things.

I want to believe that Korolenko will come through as a conqueror and will find his true bent. He has good health in his favour, a sober, firm outlook and convictions, a clear, good mind; and although he's not exempt from preconceptions, he is, for all that, free from prejudices. Neither will I surrender myself alive into Fate's hands. Though I lack what Korolenko possesses, I have something else instead. In my past there is a multitude of mistakes which Korolenko did not make, and where there are mistakes, there is experience. Besides, my battle-field is broader and my choice richer; except for novels, verses and secret attacks on people, I have tried my hand at everything. I have written impressions, stories, one-act plays, leaders, humorous stuff and all sorts of nonsense, including drawing mosquitoes and flies for the "Gad-Fly." If writing impressions failed me, I could take up stories; if the latter be bad, I could turn to one-act plays; and so on without end unto my very dying death. So that, with all my wish to look at Korolenko and myself with the eye of a pessimist and hang my harp on a willow tree, I still am not cast down; since I do not as yet see what data there are to prove why I should be. Let us wait another five years, then we shall see.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Boston, Mass. SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, 1918-19. Boston, Mass., the Trustees, 1919. 9½ in. 78 pp. il. map, paper. 027.07446

Essex Review, no. 3, vol. 28, July. Ed. by Miss C. Fell Smith. Colchester, Benham & Co., 1919. 9½ in. 48 pp. il. paper, 2/ n. 050

An account of the small figures that were made in the earlier days of the Bow porcelain factory is Mr. H. W. Lewer's contribution to the present number; the Rev. Harold Smith writes on "William Harrison and his Description of England"; and there are several other papers of considerable general interest, such as Mr. T. L. Wilson's "How to collect a Local History" and the short article entitled "Old-Time Poor-Relief Officials," by the Rev. Edward Gepp.

Glasgow Archaeological Society. CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE GLASGOW ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (For the Society) MacLehose, 1919. 8½ in. 148 pp. paper, 6/; or in roxburgh binding, 8/6 n. 016.913

***Quarterly Review**, no. 60, July. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 272 pp. index to vol. 231, paper, 6/. 050

Three articles stand conspicuous in this excellent number: Professor Rait's "Queen Victoria and France," "Railway Nationalization," by Mr. W. M. Acworth, and the editorial on "The Peace with Germany." The first clears Queen Victoria from the suspicion of pro-Germanism, and shows how carefully she cultivated sympathy with France from the time of Louis Philippe to the era of Prussian aggression. Reviewing the events that led to the Armistice, the editorial remarks that had the war continued another fortnight it would have had the salutary effect of inflicting a German Sedan. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson are criticized for being too much influenced by party motives. On the whole, the Peace is considered a good one; but the formal recognition of the Monroe doctrine and the assertion of a sort of Monroe doctrine in the Far East, the wholesale confiscation of the German colonies, the economic clauses, and the Polish arrangements are severely criticized. Mr. Acworth, in spite of objections on principle, thinks that the railways must now be brought under national control, though he favours the retention of boards of directors. His article should be read along with that of Mr. J. Carlile on "Inland Transport," which is an able study of the canal question. In "German Business Methods in the United States," Mr. C. H. Burr describes the crooked manœuvres of commercial penetration. Sir Lynden Macassey deals with "The Economic Future of Women in Industry," Mr. W. G. Leland with "Reconstruction in the United States," Sir Sidney Lee once more demolishes the theory of Mr. James Greenstreet and M. Lefranc that Shakespeare's plays were the work of the 6th Earl of Derby, and Mr. Cloudesley Brereton contributes an exceedingly generous appreciation of "The Poetry of Laurence Binyon."

Skulerud (Olaf). CATALOGUE OF NORSE MANUSCRIPTS IN EDINBURGH, DUBLIN, AND MANCHESTER. Christiania (for Den Norske Historiske Kildeskriftskommission), Kommission Hos Jacob Dybwad, 1919; Emil Moestues Boktrykkeri, 1918. 10 in. 76 pp. paper. 018.9
When in the British Isles in 1912, the author seized the opportunity to inspect the collections of Scandinavian manu-

scripts in Trinity College, Dublin, the John Rylands Library, Manchester, and the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The result of the inquiry is this useful catalogue, which includes the Scandinavian manuscripts found in Edinburgh University and the Royal Irish Academy.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

***Charbonnel (J. Roger).** LA PENSÉE ITALIENNE AU XVII^E SIÈCLE, ET LE COURANT LIBERTIN. Paris, Champion, 1919. 10 in. 860 pp. bibliog. app. ind. paper, 20 fr. 195

M. Charbonnel's work, which is preceded by a comprehensive analytical bibliography, is essentially an endeavour to discover, by analogy or contrast, the "physiognomy" of Italian thought at the period with which the volume deals. The tendencies of Italian philosophy in the sixteenth century; the influence of the scepticism and freedom of speculation current at the time; and the rich circulation of ideas between France and Italy, are among the subjects considered by the author, who discusses also the position of Averroism, Neoplatonism, Epicureanism, and other great philosophic systems at the end of the fifteenth century. The philosophies or theories of Pomponazzi, Cremonini, Machiavelli, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and numerous others are dealt with in this important and scholarly treatise.

Dunn (Courtenay). THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CHILD: a book for all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. Sampson Low, 1919. 8½ in. 319 pp. front. (pors.) ind., 7/6 n. 136.7

The reader will find in this book a remarkable collection of curious lore and out-of-the-way information relating to the infancy, development, language, education, amusements, and mental characteristics of children. The author describes his work as "a history of childhood which for the greater part has been grubbed up from ancient and scarce books, obscure pamphlets and papers." A delightful picture of Dr. Dunn's seven tartan-clad children forms the frontispiece.

200 RELIGION.

***Clement of Alexandria.** THE EXHORTATION TO THE GREEKS; THE RICH MAN'S SALVATION; and the fragment of an address entitled TO THE NEWLY BAPTIZED. With an English translation by G. W. Butterworth ("Loeb Classical Library," 92). Heinemann, 1919. 7 in. 429 pp. il. (front.) bibliog. inds. 7/6 n. 281.1
See review, p. 713.

Farnell (Lewis Richard). THE VALUE AND THE METHODS OF MYTHOLOGIC STUDY (Proceedings of the British Academy, vol. 9). Milford [1919]. 10 in. 15 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 291

Entering a caveat against the tendency to ascribe common origin to tales having similarities of content, whencesoever derived, and also against the proneness of investigators to find one "key to all the mythologies" in some theory, especially of nature-myths, Dr. Farnell recommends caution and tact. The dictum that ritual generates myth has a counterpart "that occasionally myth is the prior fact that generates a certain ritual." He calls attention to a relatively neglected source—forgotten history. Extraordinary events, wars, social catastrophes, and the like must have contributed many myths, the study of which may reveal to the student valuable facts of social history. "One item in heroic mythology is probably in the main historical, namely, the personal names." Evidence was adduced in THE ATHENÆUM six years ago that certain domestic incidents which can be located and dated were the origin of the legends of Tristan and Iseult, Lancelot, Guenevere, and Perceval—legends which have met with all the extravagant theorizing that Dr. Farnell deprecates.

Finn (A. H.). THE STARTING PLACE OF TRUTH. Marshall Bros., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.4 [1919]. 7½ in. 91 pp., 2/6 204

See notice, p. 714.

The Golden Fountain; or, The Soul's Love for God: being some thoughts and confessions of one of His lovers. Watkins, 1919. 7 in. 144 pp., 3/ n. 242

A book of religious meditations, the main theme of which is the Fatherhood of God.

Goyau (Georges). UNE VILLE-ÉGLISE, GENÈVE, 1535-1907. Paris, Perrin, 1919. 2 vols. 7½ in. 274, 328 pp. il. pors. bibliog. app., 7 fr. 284.2
A history of the city-church of Geneva from the time of its foundation by Calvin to the moment of the separation of Church and State under the Radical Government of M. Henri Fazy.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Page (William)**, ed. COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY: a historical review of the economic conditions of the British Empire from the Peace of Paris in 1815 to the Declaration of War in 1914, based on Parliamentary debates. Constable, 1919. 11 by 8 in. 508 pp. apps. maps, ind., 32/ n. 380

The general editor of the Victoria History of the Counties of England, and those who have collaborated with him, desired to carry out some work of national utility when the exigencies of war had made historical research impracticable. To that end they prepared this impartial review of public opinion on commercial and industrial matters, as represented by debates in the Houses of Parliament during the past century. It is hoped that in this way assistance has been afforded to those interested in "the reconstruction which necessarily follows the destructive agency of war." The effects of war during the years 1815-20; the Repeal of the Corn Laws (1841-52); Free Trade (1859-68); the movement towards Tariff Reform (1900-10); and the "unrest" during 1910-14, are among the topics considered in the book. The accompanying volume contains a series of valuable illustrative statistical tables. A review will appear.

***Page (William)**. COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY: tables of statistics for the British Empire from 1815. Constable, 1919. 11 by 8 in. 259 pp., ind., 24/ n. 380

These statistical tables go back to the end of the Napoleonic wars, and they have been compiled or adapted almost wholly from Parliamentary Papers. Among the subjects to which the tables relate are population, revenue, taxation, imports and exports, shipping, wages and prices.

Shadwell (Arthur). COAL MINES AND NATIONALISATION. Longmans, 1919. 8½ in. 32 pp. pamph., 1/. 333.8

Four articles reprinted from the *Times*, with a short introduction, represent Dr. Shadwell's critical views on the main problem considered by the Coal Commission. Nationalization, he states, is demanded solely as a specific for the grievances of the miners; he opposes it because he thinks the benefits "will not counterbalance the working of the 'psychology of low production.'" If nationalization is unavoidable, he recommends that the mines should be delegated to a statutory body like the London Dock Authority, and asks for attention to the new German scheme of a Coal Council representing management, miners, consumers, and the State.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Gladstone (Hugh S.). BIRDS AND THE WAR. Skeffington, 1919. 7½ in. 187 pp. il., 5/ n. 598.2

The author deals with the utility of birds in the war, their behaviour in the war zones, and their sufferings during the period of hostilities. The effects of air raids upon birds are described; and some account is given of the changes in the habits of birds which have been recorded by war-time observers. The concluding chapter relates to ornithologists who were killed during the war.

Halkyard (Edward). THE FOSSIL FORAMINIFERA OF THE BLUE MARL OF THE CÔTE DES BASQUES, Biarritz. Ed. with additions by Edward Heron-Allen and Arthur Earland ("Memoirs and Proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society"). Manchester, 36, George Street, 1919. 8½ in. 197 pp. 9 plates, app. bibliog. paper, 8/6. 563.12

The editors describe this as "one of the most important contributions to the literature of the Eocene Foraminifera," and have taken great trouble to complete Halkyard's posthumous work, giving a short but interesting account of this remarkable scientific recluse.

India. RECORDS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, vol. 50, part 1, 1919. Calcutta, Geological Survey (Wesley & Son), 1919. 10 in. 100 pp. il. maps, paper, 1 rupee. 555.4

This part contains, besides the General Report of the Geological Survey of India for 1918, by Mr. H. H. Hayden,

Director of the Survey, communications entitled "The Potash Salts of the Punjab Salt Range and Kohat," and "Suggestions regarding the Origin and History of the Rock-salt Deposits of the Punjab and Kohat," by Dr. Murray Stuart, Assistant Superintendent of the Geological Survey.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Thorp (Joseph). PRINTING FOR BUSINESS. Hogg, 1919. 9 in. 180 pp. il., 7/6 n. 655
See notice, p. 716.

Timmis (R. S.). NOTES ON HORSEMASTERSHIP ("The Modern Horse Series," 1). Forster Groom, 15, Charing Cross, S.W.1. 5½ in. 93 pp. limp cloth, 1/6 n. 636.1

An admirable little book dealing with the humane management and right treatment of the horse, and abounding in practical suggestions and instructions relating to foods and feeding, and grooming, as well as to stable construction and sanitation. Major Timmis reprobates in the strongest terms the inexcusable, cruel, and brutish custom of docking horses. With real pleasure we quote the following: "Docking is absolutely unnecessary, and could be dispensed with for ever. No docked horses (except for breeding purposes) are allowed to enter California. The punishment for docking is two years. One of the reforms we should make, now that the war is over, is to forbid this barbarous practice by law." And bearing-reins, Major Timmis declares, are quite unnecessary. Lastly, the author remarks, in regard to horse management, that "kindness and common sense alone will make a horse—cruelty never."

***Winans (Walter).** THE MODERN PISTOL AND HOW TO SHOOT IT. Putnam, 1919. 7½ in. 382 pp. il. apps. ind., 12/6 n. 623.443

The author, who is an acknowledged authority upon his subject, deals with a great number of practical points connected with pistol shooting, such as trigger-pull, ammunition, targets, running shots, and care of the pistol. There are sections on duelling, self-defence, practice, and the like. Game shooting, trick shooting, killing injured animals, and shooting from horse back are also among the topics considered.

700 FINE ARTS.

***Early English Water-Colour Drawings by the Great Masters.** Special number of "The Studio." With articles by A. J. Finberg. Ed. by Geoffrey Holme. 11½ in. 48 pp. 44 pl. paper, 7/6 n. 759.2
See notice, p. 724.

780 MUSIC.

Musical Quarterly, vol. 5, no. 3, July. Ed. by O. G. Sonneck. New York, G. Schirmer, 1919. 10 in. 152 pp. il. pors. paper, 60 cents. 780.5
See notice, p. 726.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Semple (Dugald). LIFE IN THE OPEN. Bell [1919]. 6½ in. 142 pp. il. paper, 2/ n. 796

The delights of caravanning, camping out, and the gipsy life are expatiated upon by the author of this pleasant little book. He has much that is practical to teach in regard to the open-air life, of which he is an enthusiastic advocate; and readers with kindred tastes will gather useful information from his pages.

800 LITERATURE.

Gollancz (Hermann). SHEKEL HAKODESH (THE HOLY SHEKEL): the metrical work of Joseph Kimchi, now edited for the first time from MSS. at the Bodleian, with an English translation, introduction, notes, etc.: to which is added YESOD HAYIRAH (THE FOUNDATION OF RELIGIOUS FEAR), from MSS. in the British Museum, with an English translation and notes. Milford, 1919. 9½ in. 245 pp., 21/ n. 892.4
See review, p. 718.

***Lucas (Joseph).** LURES OF LIFE. Second impression. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 201 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

***Phelps (William Lyon).** THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 346 pp. ind., 7/6 n. 823.09

The sixth edition of Professor Phelps's attractive history of English fiction, from the time of Defoe and Swift to our own day.

Phillipotts (Eden). ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGONS: a comedy in three acts. Duckworth, 1919. 7 in. 105 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 822.9

St. George is a bishop, and the only good character in the play, though his rôle is to be a spoil-sport. Mr. Phillipotts raises hopes of a love match between a peer's daughter and a farmer's son, only to disappoint. But the Dartmoor yeoman is such a bouncer that we can only wonder why a high-spirited girl ever fell in love with him; and what her sister could see in the Rev. Cecil McKinley is equally mystifying. But St. George slays the dragons, and almost saves the play.

Proust (Marcel). PASTICHES ET MÉLANGES. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française [1919]. 7½ in. 276 pp., 5 fr. 25. 847.9

On the case of Lemoine, the man who claimed to have invented the synthetic diamond, M. Proust writes a series of little stories in the style of Balzac, Flaubert, Renan, de Réménis. These pastiches are followed by two essays of considerable length.

Tremaine (Herbert). THE HANDMAIDENS OF DEATH: a play in one act. Daniel [1919]. 7½ in. 49 pp. paper, 1/ n. 822.9

In this grim pair of scenes the horrible realities of their work are brought home to a crowd of "flappers" in a munition factory. They are talking about boys and lovers in the first scene; in the second scene lovers arrive—the German boys who got the shells they had filled.

POETRY.

Dawnay (Guy). NIGELLA. Methuen [1919]. 6½ in. 39 pp. 821.9

A mere handful of verses, these comprise some charming vignettes of the Down country, a few love-poems, and several elegiac pieces on the war. Mr. Dawnay elicits music from a variety of metres, some of them not easy to handle.

Seymour (William Kean). SWORDS AND FLUTES. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 95 pp., 4/ n. 821.9

Graceful in diction and accomplished in many varieties of English metre, Mr. Seymour's poems, most of which have appeared in his three previous volumes, are pleasing also in their keen appreciation of natural beauty and their lyrical feeling.

Strong (Archibald). POEMS. Melbourne, Ingram, 1918. 7½ in. 49 pp. paper. 821.9

Mr. Strong possesses a scholarly felicity of technique that is especially effective in his lighter verses, such as "Love in the Library," a poem which contains stanzas that would not do discredit to a Matthew Prior. His serious poems have a dignity that is somewhat academic; they give the impression that they have been written to produce a certain effect, not spontaneously at the dictation of some urgent emotion.

FICTION.

***Conrad (Joseph).** THE ARROW OF GOLD: a story between two notes. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 346 pp., 8/ n. See review, p. 720.

Croker (Mrs. B. M.). ODDS AND ENDS. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 304 pp. 6/9 n.

A collection of well-written short stories, the majority relating to Ireland, and ranging from ghosts to racing. Whatever the subject, the author handles it skilfully.

Fox (R. M.). FACTORY ECHOES; and other sketches. Daniel [1919]. 7½ in. 79 pp. paper, 1/6 n.

"An amateur free from all longing for journalistic fame," is the description of himself given by the author of these sketches, which "took shape in the workshop amid the rattle and roar of machinery." The reader's attitude to life must determine whether they should be called literature of despair or literature of revolt. "The Roar" is an illuminating gloss on Samuel Butler: "This is the Machine Age: we are the machines." Out of the roar come "The Irreconcilable," "The Slacker," and, indirectly, the Cabinet Minister who talks claptrap about the nobility of self-sacrifice by the worker and the vileness of those who shirk their duty to the Empire. Most of these provocative sketches have appeared already in the *New Age* and kindred periodicals.

Kerr (Sophie). THE BLUE ENVELOPE ("The Wayfarer's Library," 108). 7 in. 187 pp. front., 2/ n.

Lynch (Bohun). THE TENDER CONSCIENCE. Secker [1919]. 7½ in. 255 pp., 7/ n.

A tale of an ill-matched couple. The hero has been invalided home from the war, and loves a country life, which his wife detests. Selfish and frivolous, the latter neglects her home, and resumes an intrigue which she had carried on prior to her marriage. The main feature of the story is the clear-cut study of the weak but good-natured hero.

MacHarg (William) and Balmer (Edwin). THE INDIAN DRUM. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 371 pp. front., 7/ n.

The mystery surrounding the birth of Alan Conrad, the hero, is eventually cleared up by discoveries concerning the wreck of a ship on Lake Michigan. Alan turns out to have been the only soul saved from the "Miwaka," which had twenty-five on board. Thus was confirmed the Indian legend of the spirit drum which in stormy weather beats the roll of the dead for each ship lost on the lake; for, when the "Miwaka" foundered, the "Indian drum" beat twenty-four—one short. The story is well told; and the account of the destruction of a lake ferry-boat is impressive.

Martin (Helen R.). MARTHA OF THE MENNONITE COUNTRY ("The Wayfarer's Library," 110). 7 in. 254 pp. front., 2/ n.

O'Donnell (Elliot). HAUNTED PLACES IN ENGLAND. Sands, 1919. 7½ in. 228 pp., 5/ n.

A collection of short stories of the supernatural, among the best of which are the tale dealing with the apparition of a head, and the narrative of the haunted cupboard. The "creepiness" of the stories, for the most part, is a little forced.

Proust (Marcel). A L'OMBRE DES JEUNES FILLES EN FLEURS ("A la recherche du temps perdu," tome 2). Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française [1918]. 7½ in. 446 pp., 7 fr. 50. 843.9

The long-anticipated sequel to M. Proust's first novel, "Du Côté de chez Swann."

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Johnson (Gifford H.). THE CHURCH OF WALTHAM HOLY CROSS, WALTHAM ABBEY. Second edition, revised and enlarged, with 19 illustrations and a plan. Milford, 1919. 9 in. 64 pp. bibliog. apps. ind. paper, 1/ n. 914.267

There is considerable difference of opinion in regard to the date of the nave of this fine old church. Some authorities, including Professor Freeman and the late Mr. J. Arthur Reeve, have believed the nave to be in great part King Harold's work. Others consider it an example of early Norman rebuilding. A third view is that only the two eastern bays, on both sides of the church, were rebuilt in Norman times. However this may be, a sacred edifice which was founded by Knut's standard-bearer, rebuilt by the last of our Saxon rulers, and consecrated in the presence of the Confessor and his queen—which is generally regarded as the place whither the bones of Harold were borne from the cairn on the seashore near Senlac, and later was the temporary sepulchre of Edward I.—is of peculiar historic importance. Waltham Holy Cross is without doubt one of the oldest churches in the country. The fact that Thomas Fuller for a number of years held the incumbency adds to the interest of Waltham. The village is easily accessible from London; and the new edition of Mr. Johnson's guide should be welcomed by all visitors to the venerable shrine.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Botchkareva (Maria). YASHKA: my life as peasant, exile and soldier; as set down by Isaac Don Levine. Constable [1919]. 8 in. 351 pp. por. 920

"The autobiography of the Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death," as this is described on the wrapper, has been put into book-form, or, rather, the form of a novel, by M. Levine, to whom she told her story. The first part of the life of this peasant girl is as grim as the underworld life depicted in Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Soon after the outbreak of war, Mme. Botchkareva was allowed to enlist, and distinguished herself as a soldier, being wounded several times. After the Revolution, when

the armies began to break up, she organized the famous Women's Battalion. Later she escaped through Siberia to the United States. Yashka is an out-and-out hater of Lenin and Trotsky and the Bolshevik régime.

Grace (William Gilbert).

Hawke (Martin Bladen, 7th Baron), Harris (George Robert Canning, 4th Baron), and Gordon (Sir Home Seton Charles Montagu), edd. *THE MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF DR. W. G. GRACE.* Issued under the auspices of the Committee of M.C.C. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 404 pp. il. pors. bibliog. note, ind. of names, 21/ n. 920

A sheaf of remarkable and unstinted tributes, by men famous in cricket, to the greatest all-round cricketer that ever lived—the genial “W. G.,” who, as a distinguished prelate once finely said, was “the best known of all Englishmen and the king of that English game least spoilt by any form of vice.”

Spring-Rice (Cecil Arthur).

***Chirol (Sir Valentine).** *CECIL SPRING-RICE: in memoriam.* Murray, 1919. 8 in. 68 pp. por., 6/ n. 920

The diplomatic service could scarcely have provided a position of greater delicacy and difficulty than that which was filled, in the critical period before the United States entered the war, by Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, Ambassador at Washington during the five memorable years 1913-18. Sir Cecil served his country throughout that difficult time without making a single false step, and did much to foster a feeling of unity between the two great English-speaking nations. Educated at Eton and Balliol, Cecil Spring-Rice was trained to high ideals; he was deeply patriotic, and displayed a refreshing impatience of conventions. The inscription on the stall-plate to his memory at Eton well describes him as “Vir animæ cum poetica tum Christianæ, patriæ, ruris, suorum amatissimus.”

930-990 HISTORY.

***American Historical Review,** vol. 24, no. 4, July. Macmillan, 1919. 11 in. 250 pp. ind. paper, \$1. 905

In the current issue of this admirable review Mr. Wilbur C. Abbott has a long paper dealing with “The Origin of English Political Parties”; M. Edouard Driault discusses “The Coalition of Europe against Napoleon”; and Mr. Alfred H. Sweet gives an account of “The English Benedictines and their Bishops in the Thirteenth Century.” The last-named contribution should be of special interest to students of that side of mediæval Church history which deals with the relations between the religious orders and the rulers of dioceses. Colonel J. R. M. Taylor, in the “Notes and Suggestions,” treats of “The History of the War of 1917”; and entries in William L. Marcy's Diary, running from March 4 to April 6, 1857, are contributed by Professor T. M. Marshall. There is an abundance of other interesting matter.

***Barbé (Louis A.).** *SIDELIGHTS ON THE HISTORY, INDUSTRIES, AND SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND.* Blackie, 1919. 9 in. 332 pp. ind., 10/6 n. 941

Biographical studies of several more or less obscure personages form the longest of these contributions to Scottish history, which are largely amplifications of articles written for the *Glasgow Herald and Chambers's Journal*. “A Stuart Duchess of Brittany” is an account of the Princess Isabella, sister of James II of Scotland, who was left a widow and saw the extinction of the ducal house into which she had married. Perkin Warbeck figures in the study headed by his own name and in one of his wife, Lady Catherine, “The White Rose of Gordon.” Following some picturesque or curious episodes of the Middle Ages come a set of antiquarian studies on early coal-mining in Scotland, the old Scottish fisheries and the wine trade, food control in early times, high days and holidays, and the plague in Scotland. M. Barbé has quarried his materials from printed State Papers, Acts and other documents, as well as the standard histories.

***Botsford (George Willis and Jay Barrett).** *A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WORLD:* with special reference to social and economic conditions. New York, the Macmillan Co., 1917 [sic]. 8 in. 533 pp. maps, il. bib. ind. 909

The “Botsford Histories” are well-arranged and well-written books for American secondary schools, aiming to put

young readers in the closest touch with the countries and periods of which they treat, by means of coloured maps, profuse but carefully-selected pictures, and intelligible descriptions of the contemporary life and the buildings, costumes, weapons, implements, and things in common use. They are well provided with suggestions for more extended reading, questions, and subjects for essays and memoranda. The new scheme is a capital example of this realistic method; and, beginning with the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, and Minoans, it conducts the young student by graphic stages down to the present time, closing with a chapter on social reform and general progress, in which the authors show themselves alive to the need of training children for citizenship.

Hevesy (André de). *NATIONALITIES IN HUNGARY.* Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 247 pp. tables, maps, bib. 6/ n. 943.9

This study of the complicated question of the mixed nationalities in Hungary is a reasoned argument against a break-up of the country on the plea of satisfying Roumanian, Jugo-Slav, or Slovak claims. Hungary is composed of 63 *comitats* or counties. The writer would base the polity of the future on these units, to each of which he would allow freedom to develop its local and racial character. He would aim at realizing the conceptions of Kossuth and Deák—a Danubian Confederacy laid on a régime of equity and progress in Hungary. Internally, universal suffrage and proportional representation; externally, independent Bohemia, Poland, and a Jugo-Slav federation allowing Hungary access to the sea—these would be the foundations of future peace and free self-expression of nationality. This is a translation of the second edition.

***History: the quarterly journal of the Historical Association:** new series, vol. 4, no. 14, July. Ed. by Professor A. F. Pollard. Macmillan, 1919. 10 in. 62 pp. bibliog. paper, 1/6 n. 905

The number opens with a paper by Mr. Norman H. Baynes, entitled “Greek Religion and the Saviour King.” Dr. Vincent A. Smith follows with an article upon “Indian History”—a subject treated with too much apathy by the average British reader. “How to Mitigate the Evils of Examinations” is the theme chosen by Professor C. H. Firth; and, under “Historical Revisions,” Mr. Geoffrey Callender has an admirable paper dealing with the battle of Flores (1591). Among the books reviewed are Sir G. W. Forrest's biography of Clive, and Dr. J. H. Moulton's “The Treasure of the Magi.”

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Poincaré (Raymond), *Président de la République Française. MESSAGES, DISCOURS-ALLOCUTIONS, LETTRES ET TÉLÉGRAMMES DE M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ: 31 Juillet, 1914—17 Novembre, 1918.* Paris, Bloud Gay, 1919. 323 pp. paper. 940.9

The series begins with the impressive letter addressed on July 31, 1914, to the President's “Cher et Grand Ami,” King George V.; and it includes M. Poincaré's letter of condolence to Madame Jaurès upon the occasion of her husband's tragic death; the Proclamation to the French Nation, dated August 1, 1914; the speech delivered on July 14, 1915, when Rouget de l'Isle's remains were translated to the Invalides; the telegram of congratulation to King George upon the battle of Jutland; the eloquent and spirited address delivered when the decorations sent by the Allied Powers were presented to the City of Verdun; and the fine discourse pronounced in the Place de la Concorde on Sunday, November 17, 1918. These dignified compositions are, without exception, worthy of the occasions that inspired them, and they are models of good French.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Griffiths (Joseph P.). *TRANSPORT: THE MAGIC CARPET OF INDUSTRY:* briefly describing the history and development of transport by sea, road, canal, and railway. Philip, 1919. 7½ in. 247 pp. il. bib. app., 2/6. J.656

Children will read this book with interest, and derive from it an intelligent idea of the organization and machinery of these four main branches of transportation.

